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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Economics—1933 Model

JUST now it is economics that is swirling. Public attention is like an eddy in a flooding stream, that whirls now weeds and bark, now floating wood and jetsam from the mills, now frightened fish. If you look in, nothing at first is clear, but soon you distinguish familiar objects in unexpected motion.

In Jefferson's day it was politics, in Darwin's, biology, in the early twenties, American fiction, only yesterday, physics and the disappearing atom. Now, for reasons evident and manifest, economics has been torn loose from the curriculum and is tossed about by vulgar speculation. Economists toss with it, and some have not been right side up since 1929, and some have already sunk.

There is not much novelty yet in all this burst of economic discussion. Topics which good readers as well as serious students have been familiar with for years, are now getting their first dramatization. The technocrats, except for their unit of measure for production and consumption which still is wrapped in words, have reported, so far, only more horrid examples of a technological unemployment which has been under scholarly debate for a decade at least. Professor Moulton, in '19, was prophesying a post-war economic collapse. The debts were hardly assessed before technicians were asserting that a payment in gold was impossible and in goods improbable. Delisle Burns was one of the last, not one of the first, to declare that since working hours must be reduced, the right use of leisure was a most urgent problem for the future. The new and dominant issue—an issue of issues in politics as well as in economics: how to make it possible for the poor to consume a glut of commodities which the rich cannot sell, the outstanding problem of distribution—is new only in one aspect, the ease with which, thanks to machines, we can pile up the necessities for subsistence. It is the problem that Joseph solved in Egypt, with this difference, that there are no lean years in a scientifically controlled system of production, and that both the needs of the populace and the social organization are far more complex than Pharaoh's.

The state of economics in 1933 is curiously like the state of religion, in, say, 1633. There are a hundred doctrines with new sects forming daily, while orthodoxy (with Mr. Hoover as an Archbishop Laud) is as sure as it was then that all we need is to go back, but not too far back. Mr. Douglas and Mr. Orage, in the *New English Weekly*, are leading a separatist movement, their creed being low prices and self-sufficing national units in which so much purchasing-power will be let loose that they will sustain themselves in comfort. Just why the salvation of our social order is to come through high prices (as all the orthodox say) has never been clear to our perhaps too literary intelligence, unless this is the only way in which debts can be discharged at par. But in what should debts be payable? No one, it appears, borrowed in gold, and why in gold at a new equivalent should they be paid? And if government (as Mr. Douglas says) is a Swiss Family Robinson mother with a bag full of credit, which it appears no one, not Mr. Bryan, nor Mr. Mellon, nor even Mr. Keynes has properly understood, and if credit (like the atom) has ergs of energy which have never been properly released, why then perhaps, if Mr. Ford (properly encouraged by the credit mother) *could* produce automobiles at a negligible price, and if the millers could give us flour at next to nothing a pound, and supposing that mazda lamps can be turned out by the thousands just by pulling a lever (as the technocrats tell us) why then a state of existence in which a poor man with a thirty-hour-a-week-work ticket in his pocket is able to purchase a sizable section of a department store, is almost in sight.

All of which is not intended to be flippant, since in all this whirl of theory only one fact emerges as a certainty to our eyes, which is that the world's abundant goods *must* be distributed and quickly, and only one opinion excites our imagination, which is that lower, not higher prices (in energy expended, not gold) provide a possible route. All of this, far from being flippancy, is but a tiny illustration of how the exciting swirl of economic speculation has lifted the silt from the river's bottom and mingled it with the flotsam and jetsam of new thinking, until one is sure only that when the flood

(*Continued on next page*)

Vanished the Steersman

By LEONARD BACON

VANISHED the steersman
That his own course would steer!
Gone the frontiersman!
Gone the frontier!
Sunken the sailors!
That strained every stick,
In the wake of the whalers
That speared Moby Dick!

What is it that ails
Their descendants jejune,
Who forget the green trails
That were followed by Boone?
Who whimper and fret,
Who mumble and grieve,
Without strength to beget,
Without will to conceive?

The pygmies defiant,
Whom fact cannot frighten,
Call Tom Thumb a giant,
And Inchlong a Titan,
And depend on each other,
And smirk as they pass,
Though each thinks his brother
With justice an ass.

O Christ! I am weary
Of them and their kind
Their [illegible]
Their heart and their mind
Their pindling lubricity,
Without shame, without fire,
Their cult of publicity,
Their desire of desire.

But under brown leaf
And beech-mast bedding,
All so still as a thief
Arbutus is spreading,
That will be fragrant
Under the sun,
After these flagrant
Days are done.

The big silly city
Is full of regret
And grief and self-pity
Must we stand in her debt,
Though vanished the steersman
That his own course would steer,
Though gone the frontiersman,
Gone the frontier?

Walter Lippmann

By JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

AT forty-three years of age Walter Lippmann has attained a position unique in American public life both past and present. Extremely brilliant as a student at Harvard, and publishing in quick succession his first three books—"A Preface to Politics," "Drift and Mastery," and "The Stakes of Diplomacy"—before he was twenty-six, it was natural that those who knew him and his work should have predicted a great career. It was also natural that the career predicted should have been political. I well recall in 1918 discussing him and his future with a distinguished American far from visionary in his judgments. The prediction then made was that with the right turn in political events Lippmann might easily be Governor of New York or Secretary of State in Washington by the time he was forty. No one foresaw his actual career because such a career was unthinkable in the America of that earlier day.

WALTER LIPPMANN*

Lippmann did not "go in for politics," as that phrase is understood among us, yet at little beyond forty he has become one of the most potent political forces in the nation. Although up to the end of 1930 his accomplishment had been distinguished, his position had not become in any sense unique. As one of the leading young intellectuals and Liberals of the second decade of the century, it was quite normal that he should have been for a while an associate editor of the *New Republic* in the most important period of that journal. During the war, he was at various times an assistant to the Secretary of War for a few months, secretary of the commission to gather data to be used at the Peace Conference, and a Captain in the Military Intelligence Division of the General Staff, seeing service abroad. His contacts with leading men were notable as were also his opportunities for reaching an understanding of the real forces operative in the war and post-war periods. Then for some years he was editor of the leading Democratic and liberal newspaper, the New York *World*. He had also published another half dozen volumes.

He had thus led a busy and interesting life but had reached no position which set his own career off from that of others. It was the disaster that overtook the *World* which turned Lippmann, the observer, writer, and journalist, into an "American phenomenon." The older generation, that of the Civil War period, had been familiar with the great editors whose opinions were eagerly looked for daily. The question then asked was not "what does the *Nation* or the *Times* or the *Sun* or the *Tribune* say?", but "what does Godkin or Raymond or Dana or Greeley think?" With the change in journalism and the growing anonymity of the editorial page this personal leadership of public opinion practically disappeared from the daily press. The news-gatherer, indeed, had grown in personal stature, and it was rather odd that whereas the public knew the names of a dozen or more "special correspondents" who furnished the papers with "facts" they had ceased for the most part to know who it was who furnished the opinions based on the facts. For the man in the street this is as true of English and European journalism as of American.

In the older journalistic world there had been, speaking generally, a characteristic common to all the editors whose names were known to their readers. They were special pleaders for the party or the policy which their paper represented. An intelligent reader would not have looked to the editor of a Republican paper for a sound or even a fair exposition of Democratic doctrine, and *vice versa*. These leaders of public opinion were rather like the prosecuting attorney and the counsel for the defence in a murder case. The jury, or the public, had to hear both sides. But few people had the time, the inclination, or even the money, to read two opposing journals morning and night.

Obviously, this is not the place to enter upon a discussion of journalism in relation to public opinion, a matter which Lippmann long made a special study and on which he is today the most competent authority in America. Suffice it to say that in this extraordinarily complex world in which we are now living most of us require not only the relevant facts but some competent guide to opinion. We have, to a great extent, lost confidence in the edi-

* Photo by Ray Lee Jackson, NBC Studio.

This Week

"EMILY DICKINSON FACE TO FACE."
Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER.
"POEMS OF FIFTY YEARS."
Reviewed by GEORGE MEASON WHICHER.
"AS WE ARE."
Reviewed by ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD.
"STORM OVER ASIA."
Reviewed by GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY.
"CHINA: THE PITY OF IT."
Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON.
"NEVER ASK THE END."
Reviewed by BRANCH CABELL.
"THE BRIGHT LAND."
Reviewed by ALVAH C. BESSIE.
THE THREE HOUR GLASSES.
By CLARENCE DAY.
THE FOLDER.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

TECHNOCRACY.
By ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.

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torial written by we know not whom. It is a deep-rooted trait in human nature in general and our American nature in particular to have a personal leader, to know just whom it is we are giving our confidence to. In view of the influence reached by Lippmann in his daily articles in the *Herald Tribune* we can now recognize that it was not only a shrewd journalistic move but an event of prime national importance when Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills Reid decided, when the *World* disappeared as an independent journal, to offer their own paper as a forum from which Lippmann could disseminate his ideas.

The American newspaper public was once more to have the opportunity of personal leadership in opinion, but a leadership with a significant difference from the old. The leadership was to be non-partisan and as strictly unbiassed as it is possible for the human mind to be. The *Herald Tribune* had been noted as a strong Republican organ. Lippmann had been editor of a strongly Democratic organ. He was to be given, and has been, a completely free hand. He has entire liberty, a liberty which he exercises to differ from the views of the editors of the paper as expressed on their own editorial page. That is a policy which, so far as I know, has never been tried by any other journal anywhere in the world. That it has been extraordinarily successful is shown in many ways. Mr. Lippmann's articles are syndicated and sold to other papers. In less than two years the number of papers printing his views has risen from twelve to a hundred and twelve. Lippmann thus speaks directly to the readers of many of the most important journals in two-thirds of all the States in the Union. He has the largest public daily of any publicist in the world. The conversation of business and professional men anywhere from New York to San Francisco reveals that he is both read and pondered. He is discussed at dinner parties and clubs, and wherever people gather, in readers who may never have read his own articles.

This phenomenon is as interesting as it is unique and important. Mr. Lippmann is no mere columnist to amuse or soothe the business man on his way home from a tiring day. His articles are of strongly knit intellectual texture. Most editors appear to think that it is essential to write down to the audience lower and lower with every increase in the number of readers. They should know their business, though it is not certain that they do, and this may be true of an enlarging circulation in any one community, but Lippmann's case shows us that the most unbiased, least emotional, and most intellectual of all our editorial writers has secured an audience hitherto undreamed of by any of them. Such a phenomenon can be explained only in terms of a combination of the public and the man.

With regard to the former, it may be said that the intense interest it exhibits in whatever Mr. Lippmann has to say is a most hopeful sign in a period not replete with happy auguries. In his Introduction to a volume of Mr. Lippmann's collected articles* Professor Nevins suggests that the bewilderment of the public in the face of all the complications of the present day may have had much to do with the eager attention accorded to the author. It may be added that possibly the scientific attitude of mind toward all our problems has permeated a larger section of the public than we had hitherto believed. Whatever the cause, the interest shown in Lippmann's work is an asset of major national importance.

I do not intend here to analyze Mr. Lippmann's philosophy or to discuss at length his ideas on specific topics, such as democracy, war debts, our Manchurian policy, or other matters. Those interested in these ideas who do not already know them will have no difficulty in discovering them from his writings. With most I happen to be in hearty agreement, but I have just as great admiration for Mr. Lippmann when I do not happen to be. His range is amazing, and considering that he does not confine himself, like a specialist, to foreign affairs, national finance, or other groups of facts in the general complex of today, it is remarkable not only how right his judgment usually is but how often he has been able to discern the trend and effect of events before others have. Important, however, as is the acceptance of his ideas by large numbers of our people, even more so, I think, is the influence upon their minds of his own.

I have said that he never writes down to his readers, but he thinks and reasons and makes them think and reason. His style and method of presentation are extremely lucid because his mind is. In reaching his conclusions on the character or acts of an individual and on economic or political policies, his mind moves as simply along purely intellectual lines as if he were doing an arithmetical problem. This makes his articles singularly clear, and the reader finds himself following the process of reasoning, unembarrassed by his own emotions or prejudices to an unusual extent. It is this training of his public to reason unemotionally that is one of the most valuable services Mr. Lippmann is rendering.

On the other hand, there is nothing coldly repellent in this sheer intellectuality. There are, for example, quite obviously, Mr. Lippmann's modesty and sincerity. He does not pontificate. He makes no pretence of infallibility. One gains the impression in reading him that, like the rest of us, only with a better mind and more abundant and accurate information than most, he is striving to find his way through the difficult problems which confront us all. He reports his opinions and suggested solutions. His interests and sympathies are wide. There is a healthy element of growth in him and he realizes wished to "stamp upon it" his own "sense that it is a beginning and not a conclusion." The ever widening range of his sympathies is well indicated by the difference in content of that book, "A Preface to Politics," and that of his recent "Preface to Morals."

The fact that when editor of the *World* he should have written the latter is of importance for understanding him. I say this although in my opinion he has in this work displayed a certain superficiality and has failed to grasp the deeper significance of modernist striving in the churches. One may regard this striving hopefully or otherwise. Lippmann appears simply not to understand it. His exposition of it is distorted. Nevertheless the fact that he should have written with obvious sincerity a volume on ethics and on what is clearly one of the most pressing spiritual problems of the time has its significance in considering his work as a whole, and the nature of his influence. Mr. Lippmann has the philosophic as well as the scientific mind. He is, in the sense which he himself gives to that much abused term, a Humanist. He is absorbed by many and not merely by one or two subjects or aspects of life, and in his ranging he is not satisfied until, as far as possible, he has established both the exact knowledge of the scientist and the general principles and standards of humane value of the philosopher. In a period of warped specialism he has retained the sanity of the balanced mind.

This desire to get to the bottom of things and at the same time to relate them to human values is conspicuous in his work. One could point, for example, to his treatment of the problem of marriage under modern conditions in his "Preface to Morals," to his essay on the tragedy of Al Smith (1925) in "Men of Destiny," or his discussion of the Dayton episode in "American Inquisitors." It is, indeed, one of his most distinguishing traits, and had he chosen to make a political career for himself in the usual meaning of the term, it would have made him the statesman rather than the politician. He not only insists upon relating events to causes and effects, taking the long view, but he is not content until he has established principles of action.

Mr. Lippmann does not see merely an unbalanced budget but its evil effects on the whole national life; he does not see in the bonus grab merely a raid on the Treasury but the danger to the whole system of our government; he does not see in the shameful lack of moral sense in our leaders in the past decade merely a distressing episode. But with all his insistence upon principles and values, he has not become doctrinaire. The associate editor of the *New Republic* of twenty years ago has not become the professional crusader or carping critic. He has grown healthily and has not been warped and policies. I understand that some of Mr. Lippmann's associates of earlier days who prefer to travel the uncertain paths of extreme socialism or communism have come to regard him as a backslider from the true faith and that their earlier admiration for his qualities of mind has been replaced by quite different emotions. It does not seem to occur to them that if Lippmann has preferred to remain a liberal rather to become some of the fifty-seven varieties of radical it may be because he has a better balanced judgment than they.

We may add, finally, that his intellectualism is tempered for the ordinary reader by his effort to be fair and by his fearlessness. He is evidently without desire to frame a case or to be able to say "I told you so"; and he is quite as evidently not wishful to build any political nest for himself out of the materials of his influential position. One has only to read, as I have just done, practically the entire corpus of his writings to realize how completely he has done almost everything which he would be supposed not to have done if he had any thought of political preferment in the ordinary way.

Somewhat of all of these things I have been speaking of have entered into making Lippmann the "American phenomenon" he is today. Of the importance of that phenomenon in American, and indeed we might say in modern, journalism and life, there is no question. He is the only national leader who has appeared in these post-war years, and his leadership is of a different sort from any we have had before. It is the leadership through the press of a scientific and a philosophic mind, stooping to none of the arts of the politician (of which he has a profound knowledge), and pandering to no emotions or prejudices. A generation ago many ordinary men eagerly followed the words of their favorite partisan editors. Small groups of intellectuals followed those of their favorite reformer. Large groups were enthusiastic over this or that man prominent in active politics. Lippmann is not a partisan; he is not a reformer; he is not an office-holder; yet he is the most important leader of American public opinion today and a genuinely great one.

This phenomenon of Walter Lippmann is, it seems to me, a fact of possibly deep significance, and the remainder of his career will teach us not a little as to what sort of world we are living into. He is, as I have said, only forty-three, and he is at the height of his power and influence. It is as impossible to predict his future as it was ten years ago, and there is little use in trying to do so; but what happens to Lippmann in the next decade may be of greater interest than what happens to any other single figure now on the American scene. If he were a business man, we might, perhaps, plot his curve, so to say, in a general way. We might be able to do the same if he were in politics as a man [illegible] sense, makes prediction impossible. Are his present post and influence merely the temporary result of a fortuitous combination of circumstances which may alter when the crisis of today has passed? Will his large public remain constant and content to follow an intellectual leader, or will he, to retain his influence, be forced into a leadership of a more active and less purely intellectual sort? Have we reached the point where a new leadership has become possible, a leadership of mind which nevertheless is effective in practical affairs? These and other questions occur as we consider the phenomenon of Lippmann and his future. As they cannot be answered we can only be thankful that we have among us a free intelligence playing over the problems of the time, without prejudice or passion, and which has won for itself a commanding position in the life of the nation.

* INTERPRETATIONS, 1931-1932. By WALTER LIPPMANN. Edited by ALLAN NEVINS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1932. $2.50.

"OF COURSE, I ONLY TAKE A CUP OF COFFEE IN THE MORNING. A CUP OF COFFEE AND WALTER LIPPMANN IS ALL I NEED."

The above cartoon by Perry Barlow, which appeared in the *New Yorker* of October 1, 1932, is reproduced by permission of the periodical and the artist.

Economics—1933 Model

(*Continued from preceding page*)

subsides the river bed will not be the same.

There are apparently always these three states in human experience. First thought, then dramatization and public excitement, last action, which is seldom identical with the pattern of the original thinking, though inevitably stemming from it. And there is always this danger, that orthodoxy, whether of religion, or science, or mere use and want, will dam the stream too long. And this other one, that sectarians, enthusiasts, or fanatics, grasping a new half-truth, will reorganize life according to an artificial pattern and throw overboard everything that interferes with their formula. Thus (for the first danger) protectionists cure high tariffs with higher, and financiers attack a gluttage of gold by piling up more of it. Thus (for the second), Communists get rid of inconvenient aspirations in human nature by suppressing them, and plan a society based upon a materialism more doctrinaire than the theology of "Paradise Lost."

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A More Intimate Emily

EMILY DICKINSON FACE TO FACE. Unpublished Letters with Notes and Reminiscences by her Niece, MARTHA DICKINSON BIANCHI. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

ONE might suppose that, at this late hour, another book about Emily Dickinson would be nothing more than another book—a résumé of a few facts, some recovered fragments, and many contradictory legends. Yet in this new volume a new Emily Dickinson actually does emerge, a far more comprehensible and less enigmatic creature than the mythical Sphinx of Amherst, a richer spirit and more intimate human being. The backgrounds are not only sketched in, they are filled in by one who is a familiar presence rather than an occasional researcher. This very intimacy is, paradoxically, the book's one drawback; it leads Mme. Bianchi to write too often as the last of the Dickinsons instead of the first of Emily's biographers; it compels her to praise anything that praises, or even seems to praise, her heroine, from the chance enthusiasm of a chance reviewer to the incredibly bad novel which Macgregor Jenkins wrote around the "central episode" of Emily Dickinson's life. Yet there can be no question about the validity and importance of the new book. Much of it is in the poet's own words; the rest is only a little less revealing. The very scheme of the volume adds to its excellence; it is partly a compilation, partly a commentary, and there is no confusion between the two. Those who have failed to see the Amherst recluse "in the round" will obtain a sharper and livelier picture of her through these reminiscences which, incidentally, are expressed in a firmer prose than Mme. Bianchi has previously employed; students and the ever-growing army of Dickinson worshippers will have to own the book if only for the hundred and eighteen hitherto unpublished and characteristic notes. Fresh material appears throughout, family histories have been reread; diaries have been ransacked; conversations with Emily's sister Lavinia, correspondence with her brother Austin, and the swift communications between Emily and Sue (Austin's wife and Mme. Bianchi's mother) have been reëxamined and recorded. As a result, we have the most explicable as well as the most nearly complete portrait yet drawn.

Take the matter of Emily's superabundant and, to some, annoying archness. The scraps of conversation recorded in this volume, the tart rejoinders, the puckish notes prove that impishness was natural to Emily, not, as with her imitators, a "cute" affectation or a literary furbelow. Her earliest letters show it, none more strikingly than the long half-flippant, half fantastic missive written to Sue in 1850.

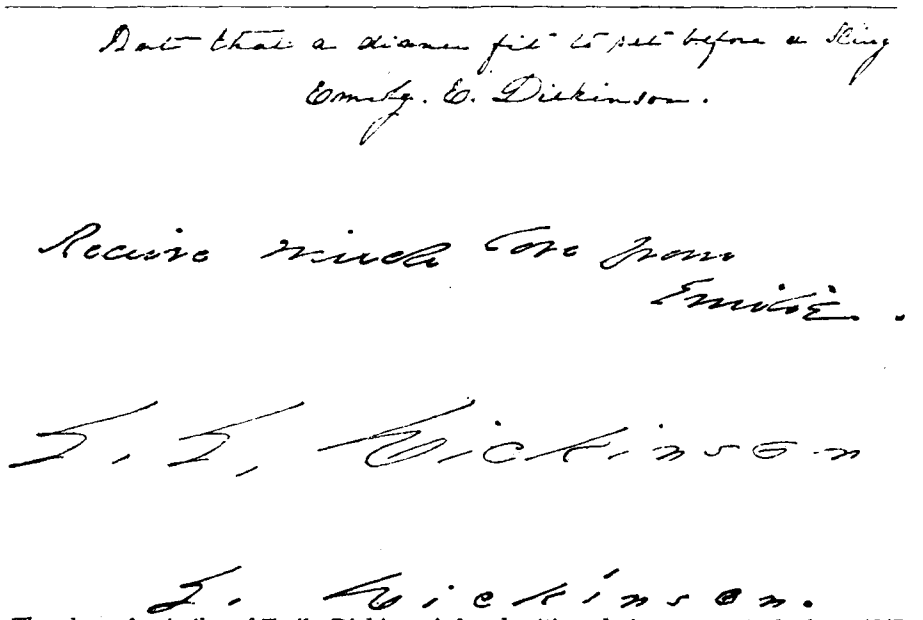
> The dishes may wait, dear Susie, and the uncleared table stand—these I "have always with me"—but you I have "not always." Why, Susie, Christ hath saints many—and I have few but thee. The angels shan't have Susie—no, no, no!

Nor could a whole chapter devoted to a dull party say more than her shrewdly terse characterization: "Coroner's verdict—Dead!" And there is the following incident involving her father, the father who, according to growing legend, was regarded by Emily with a holy and inhibiting awe.

> Aunt Lavinia used to tell how once, when some message of his to the man about the frogs in the lower meadow had not been executed with becoming dispatch, their father took his hat and cane, and walked out, remarking haughtily, "I'll speak to the frogs myself about it!"—too vexed to notice his absurd slip of the tongue, and was met by Emily on his return with "Did you find the frogs deferential, Father?"

It is, as Mme. Bianchi points out, this drollery in her, the mentally mischievous strain that is "hardest for those who never knew her to reconcile with her solemn side. . . . At such times she was just Emily the 'rascal,' having fun with her audience, to the confusion of the matter of fact." The unaccountable contradictions—the sports of spontaneity—were there from the beginning; this volume is packed with instances revealing that Emily Dickinson's "properties"—her quick intensities, her bright irreverences, her agile epithets—were integrally Emily Dickinson.

Then there is the variously interpreted problem of why Emily became a recluse. (Incidentally, Mme. Bianchi repeats the version of "the immortal wound" taken by Emily in Philadelphia without entering the controversial issues implied. She states the fact—if fact it is—without divulging any new details, her attitude being "What more is there to say?") That Emily was a recluse is beyond dispute. But was she a hermit because of a frustrated love affair or a too dominant father? The record seems to point otherwise. She withdrew, as Mrs. Todd declared years ago, because of the demands, the very exigencies of her nature. She enjoyed solitude; she lived richly on a loneliness which was never lonely to her, peopled as it was with the world of her busy intuitions. Being alone meant being secure against interruption. "Child," she confided to her niece, "no one could ever punish a Dickinson by shutting her up alone." This was her paradox of escape. This volume emphasizes the question which the poet answered in "The soul selects its own society." With which of her contemporaries would she have felt as much at home as with herself? A closed room was her metropolis. What would have meant prison to another was precious privacy to her; she did not merely shut herself in, much less did she shut herself off. Locking a door was her way of achieving elemental liberty. "It's just a turn—and freedom!"



The above facsimiles of Emily Dickinson's handwriting, dating respectively from 1847, 1861, 1866 and 1883, are emblematic of the development she underwent. Reproduced from "The Letters of Emily Dickinson" (Harpers).

Another controversy—and a technical one—which this book should settle is the question whether her "faulty" and "haphazard" rhymes were accidental imperfections or purposeful dissonances. I think now there can be little doubt that the dissonant effects were designed, for Emily Dickinson's early verses were quite free of "suspensions" and cacophonies. They show the traditional pairing throughout—in such rhyme-couples as "Spring-sing," "nears-appears," "repine-mine," "bright-light," "door-explore-shore," "leaves-deceives" "retire-fire," "sky-die"—these being taken from six different poems written in her very early twenties. It was not until the beginning of the "middle period" that Emily Dickinson seems to have made up her mind to discontinue or, at least, partially to discard the orthodox harmonies. It was then, and not before and certainly not because of an insensitive ear, that she invented a set of musical surprises—some dubious and all daring—whose delicate shock teases the mind and momentarily arrests the flow of the too limpid line.

It would be unfair to the reader who relishes a gory contest, whether a bullfight or a biographer-baiting, not to add that blood is frequently spilled in these reminiscent pages. Mme. Bianchi spares none of Emily Dickinson's other biographers. She is especially severe with Genevieve Taggard's "The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson," challenging Miss Taggard's dates, her conjectures and conclusions; she points out the flaws in things as general as the sweeping father-complex and as specifically minute as the personnel of the pall-bearers and the presumably "significant" spelling of "Vevay"; she attacks the supposed "understanding" with George Gould—she attacks everything, in fact, except Miss Taggard's style. It is, to say the least, an error in discretion that Mme. Bianchi never once refers to Miss Taggard's work by title nor even to Miss Taggard by name, discomfiting the student by referring merely to "the assertion of a recent writer," or "the claim made by a recent writer," or "an anonymous tale."

The circumstance is scarcely laudable, and it leads me to say one thing more, a thing which has been argued among admirers of Emily Dickinson, but which never, to my knowledge, has been openly discussed in print. I refer to the matter of bitterness, the sense of possession and jealousy which has affected Emily Dickinson's editors. Everyone who has written about this most original of woman poets has, somehow, come to regard Emily Dickinson as his (or, usually, her) property; each commentator is sure that she alone has the key with which the enigmatic poet unlocked her long-sealed heart. Much of the present misunderstanding and mystification is due to an old and private feud between two Amherst factions, a feud so relentless that a *rapprochement* seems impossible. Yet the attempt must be made. The continuance of a personal grievance, the cherishing of family quarrels and extra-editorial hatreds has resulted in obscuring the very thing to which both factions are devoted—the full and final presentation of the greatest woman poet of America. Only after such an understanding, or collaboration, will there be released the many letters still kept from publication, the unprinted poems, the revealing scraps and sketches. If ever a poet needed a definitive, variorum edition, it is Emily Dickinson, born more than one hundred years ago, whose complete picture is not yet available, and whose work belongs to no one or two persons but to the world.

With each new book, with every added bit of evidence, the "mystery" of Emily Dickinson grows more and more tenuous; soon it will entirely dissolve. What remains is the genuine and greater mystery of her genius. That is insoluble.

"William Morris," says a note by Francis Darwin in *The Countryman*, a British quarterly, "was one of the men to whom mountainous country did not appeal. He liked a country to be 'open' with 'some central and distinguishing natural feature of hill or river.' He wrote, 'I was always a lover of the sad lowland country.' He loved 'the popular meadows of the little villages of the water about the Somme,' which makes one think that he would have shared Constable's enthusiasm for the valley of the Stour. With this I myself can quite sympathize; but what I cannot sympathize with is his characterization of Kelmscott as 'a heaven on earth.' I doubt if there is a finer view in England than that from Symonds Yat.

A Half-Century's Grist

POEMS OF FIFTY YEARS: 1880-1930. By ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON. New York: Published by the Author. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE MEASON WHICHER

THIS somewhat undersized octavo volume contains within its attractive blue and gold covers seven books of verse, whose dates cover a half-century, a lifetime of devotion to the poet's art. The author, moreover, is still writing, and it is evident that he is still faithful to the ideals with which he began his career; he "obeys at eve the voice obeyed at prime."

In 1880—some of us remember—the chief figures of the New England School were yet alive, though their work had mainly come to an end. Johnson, like the majority of young poets of that time, formed his ideals upon that work. For it had not become clear at that date that Longfellow was only a shallow versifier; that Holmes and Lowell were not poets at all; and that the burning patriotism, the moving piety, the serene spirit of Whittier had produced only "drivel,"—to use the word applied to his work by a recent poetaster. We still thought of these men, not as immortal geniuses, but at least as fit figures in the long procession of poets that constitutes the chief glory of our English tongue. So Johnson evidently started under what would now be thought the worst possible auspices! He was then twenty-seven years old, and had been on the staff of the *Century Magazine* for seven years, a connection that was maintained for a generation longer. By that time (*circa* 1913) the New School of Poetry was beginning to bloom before the eyes of the American public, though the Spoon River, on whose banks many of the blossoms opened, was not put on the map until a few years later. It is obvious that it was then too late for Johnson to change his style; he had been exposed too long to

So he wrote lyrics in many rhythmical patterns and on a wide variety of subjects: Nature, Life, Beauty, Love, Patriotism, Art, Music, Friendship, the Inspiration of great deeds and great men, family affection, the themes, in short, that have always engaged the attention of poets, and which (in spite of this generation's frantic desire for something different) will no doubt continue to be the common subjects of poetry as long as poetry shall be written. A special note should be made of his lifelong love for Italy. Almost as much as Browning he might claim that this name would be found graven on his heart. His "Italian Rhapsody," written in 1902, is the best embodiment of this passion; but he has not been content with words only. His share in founding the Keats-Shelley memorial in Rome; his services in establishing the Poets' Ambulance Service on the Italian front; his Ambassadorship in the trying years after the Armistice, are so many witnesses of his willingness to labor for the country that he so highly loved. A special notice also should be given to a group of poems, which, using one of Johnson's book titles, may be called poems of the longer flight,—odes on "Greece"; "Panama (Goethals)"; on "Saint-Gaudens"; "Webster"; "The Winter Hour"; as well as the "Rhapsody" mentioned above. They are conceived in a vein of high idealism; carried out in a lofty style, and an earnest purpose that well sustain a claim on our serious attention.

Few indeed are the fortunate mortals who are privileged to look back upon seventy years of unswerving pursuit of a great ideal. It is a pleasure to congratulate Dr. Johnson that he can thus harvest in a single volume the results of his long and ardent service of the Lyric Muse. We wish him an abundant aftermath as he enters,—*non sine cithara*, be it noted,—upon his ninth decade.

George Meason Whicher, who for many years was a teacher of the classics, is also a poet who has produced much verse during the course of a career that has been concurrent with violent changes in the character of American poetry.

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As We Are—But Are We

AS WE ARE. A Modern Revue. By E. F. BENSON. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD

IT is doubtful whether any psychologist has yet allowed or accounted for what is surely the most significant mental phenomenon of our times—the extraordinary susceptibility of the modern mind to mass suggestion. Once we see a thing in print, particularly if it is repeated often enough, we come to believe in it against the evidence of our senses. We allow our authors and journalists to create a world of their own which we complacently accept, and which, if we are authors or journalists ourselves, we describe, in all good faith, as if it really existed. It is only the striking, the grotesque, the abnormal, that has publicity value, and it is such stuff that

E. F. BENSON.

our dream world is made on. But a dream world has this disadvantage to its inhabitants, that sooner or later they will be brought up with a disconcerting bump against the hard facts of life.

These reflections are suggested by the sequel that Mr. E. F. Benson has written to that delightful Victorian Peepshow of his that was entitled "As We Were." The new volume, "As We Are," sets out to describe a period extending from just before the war down to our own day. The book is divided into two parts that differ as much in method as, I venture to suggest, in merit. In the last three chapters Mr. Benson writes, as he did in his last book, about people and things of which he has positive knowledge, and about which he is attempting to say no more than he positively knows. His portraits of Mr. Balfour, of Archbishop Davidson, of Sir Ernest Cassel, of Sir Edgar Speyer, are not only delightful to read, but are contributions to history of the highest value. His account, by no means flattering, of recent developments in literature, is as stimulating a piece of criticism as we should naturally expect from one who was already a novelist of note in the nineties, and to whom years have brought no diminution of vigor. And the almost unrelieved pessimism of his final chapter, in which he takes stock of the present situation, must surely command our respect, if not necessarily our agreement.

But for the rest of the chapters, ten out of thirteen, Mr. Benson is experimenting with a new and different method. So anxious is he to depict in the most vivid colors the changes that have taken place since pre-war days, that he abandons the safe path of the historian, and peoples his stage with frankly imaginary characters. He takes a great country mansion, that he calls the Parable House, and proceeds to trace the fortunes of its inmates and of those intimately connected with them. But a parable house, and still more a parable family, are dangerous things for the historian to start creating. For it is the nature of parables not to deal with real people or things, but with types. And to be of any historical value, the types must be in the fullest sense typical. If Mr. Benson was writing a novel, it would be open to him to select the most exceptional characters, and present them in the most unique circumstances he could conjure up. It is no criticism of "Dodo" to say that the heroine is not a typical woman of the nineties. But it is an entirely legitimate criticism of Mr. Benson's parable puppets that they are not normal but newspaper types, that they are, in fact, just such striking abnormalities as make excellent copy and—let us concede at once—excellent reading.

What is the truth, or theory, that Mr. Benson's parable is written to elucidate? It is twofold. First, he wishes to show how utterly the old order of semi-feudal country-house society, that flourished before the war, has been swept away by the growth of taxation and democratic sentiment. Secondly, he is—if one may put it without offence—obsessed with the pretensions and triumph of an intensely self-conscious Youth, spelt with the biggest of Y's, and inspired by what may be best described as the cocktail spirit.

To take first the case of the landed gentry—it is common knowledge that the owners of English estates, both small and large, have been hard put to it to make ends meet, that many big houses have been converted into clubs and institutions, and that the old easy standards of pre-war life are no longer approached except by a few very rich people whose incomes have been derived from business or speculation. All this is the merest commonplace—what is the really remarkable thing, and the point we should expect an observer as acute as Mr. Benson to bring out, is the extraordinary, in fact unique, extent to which the influence and prestige of the landed gentry has survived the hardest of their hard times. For such trials were no new experience to post-war landowners. In the great agricultural depression that covered the last quarter of the nineteenth century, it is estimated that the value of landed estates declined by no less than fifty per cent. All over the country the land had been passing from the families that had held it for centuries, into the hands of *nouveaux riches* without any of the old traditions. And yet these new owners — and still more their sons, whose characters were formed in the public school mold—did succeed, to an amazing extent, in securing the acquiescence, and even the loyalty, of the folk whose wages they paid, whose shops they patronized, and whose sport they financed. The evidence of election figures is overwhelming. In this year, 1932, the country districts, under a universal franchise, are more solidly Tory than in the days of the Rotten Boroughs and the Cavalier Parliament; they are represented everywhere by the local gentry or their nominees; in no single rural constituency did the Labor candidate stand even a dog's chance of getting in.

These facts, though they are not those on which the journalist chooses to lay emphasis, must be perfectly well known to Mr. Benson. But unfortunately they are not those which the parable is supposed to illustrate, and hence they have to be kept carefully out of sight.

The fact is that our author is not writing history but writing up a theory, a theory that has a certain substratum of truth, but is not the whole truth or even the most essential part of it.

I suppose it would be too much to expect any book on modern life not to make full play with the youth-knocking-at-the-door stunt, which may be described as the greatest journalese ramp ever foisted on the public. The historian of the future will, no doubt, be able to produce reams of contemporary evidence to prove that all the young people who grew up during or after the war are, or were, inspired by a sort of class animus against their elders—mainly on account of their alleged responsibility for the war—and determined to vindicate their freedom by an entire absence of moral restraint. The English youths of the post-war period will go down, we fear, to posterity, as effeminate masters, and the corresponding girls as gin-sodden, foul-mouthed, and sexually promiscuous.

One can only speak for oneself, but I must confess that I have been living in England ever since the war without having once had the doubtful pleasure of meeting a young person remotely corresponding to those from whom one can never get away in books or papers. As for cocktail drinking, I seriously doubt whether, in the up-to-date little town in which I live, there are as many as three houses in which one could be procured—I only know of one for certain. There is indeed a small and noisy clique of plutocrats and their hangers on who have succeeded, by strenuous efforts, in attracting to themselves almost the whole of the limelight. We had them with us before the war, before they had learned to call themselves Bright Young Things, and their antics were every bit as vulgar and vapid as now.

Mr. Benson no doubt could, if he had stuck to his role of historian, have given us a fascinating account of this diseased excrescence on the social system. But instead he takes up his unfortunate parable as if the whole youth of England were infected.

All the great majority of modest, well-mannered young people that one meets everywhere today might never have existed at all so far as Mr. Benson's parable is concerned.

If only Mr. Benson had not hit on this unfortunate device of a story that is neither history nor straightforward fiction, and had fashioned his first ten chapters on the model of his last three, how immeasurably this book would have gained in value as a chronicle of the time! Even as it is, with all its faults of distortion and exaggeration, it makes excellent reading, and if it is not exactly history, it is no doubt what will pass for history at some future day.

The Seeing Eye

LANCES DOWN. By RICHARD BOLESLAVSKI in collaboration with HELEN WOODWARD. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1932. $3.

THE new book by the author of "Way of a Lancer" takes up his story at the moment of his arrival in Moscow in the autumn of 1917, just after his wild experiences following the collapse of the Russian front and on the eve of the Bolshevik Revolution. Boleslavski was even more rootless and adrift than most of those about him in that crazy time. He was Russian and yet not Russian, for he had been fighting both for his Emperor and for the Poland still to be. As a man and an artist—he was a devoted member of the Moscow Art Theatre group—he saw no definite right or wrong in the catchwords and furious prejudices and hates of either the White or Red camps. The greater part of his narrative, which purports to be autobiographical, consists in the impressions of such a relatively detached participant during the dozen or so days of fighting which ended with the crushing of White resistance and the beginnings of Red Moscow.

One says "purports to be autobiographical," for the reason that while the story is told in the first person and consists of incidents in which the author doubtless had a part, its various episodes are so dramatized and so elaborated with dialogues—which, in the nature of things, could not have been reported accurately—that it must be read almost as if it were fiction; artistically true, perhaps, but not literally so. As the story proceeds, this subjective quality increases, and we finally run into wholly personal meditations on the "Russian soul," on that mystical Bear, which cares nothing either for White or Red, or words of any sort, but "stands on its hind legs and looks centuries ahead . . . as it stood three hundred years ago, before the Romanovs came," waiting its time, "listening for the spring."

Although we can not, therefore, look on these vivid chapters as "history," even in the relative sense in which such a book as John Reed's "Ten Days That Shook The World" may be regarded as history, they may very well give the long-distance reader just about as real a notion of what life was like in Moscow then as Reed's gave of the corresponding period in Petrograd. For Boleslavsky actually was on the spot, and has sensitiveness and the seeing eye, however he may always remain the man of the theatre.

In addition to his pictures of street fighting, of the various types that peopled that transition scene, of the hatred and horror and spiritual bewilderment of that earthquake in which the whole upper level of a seemingly solid society crashed down while the under levels heaved up to take its place, Boleslavsky gives an inside story of what Bolshevism meant to the Moscow Art Theatre, and, by implication, to art, in general, in the "bourgeois" sense of the word.

Suddenly the old stage situations refused to "jell"; people weren't interested in the woes of lovely heroines, in the moods and whims of individuals. A play had to show which "side" it was on; general forces took the place of personalities, and generalizations had to be heaped on generalizations, all leading to the "right" end. Chekov made one uncomfortable with his intimate detail; Tchaikovsky irritated with his "bourgeois whining" (although such shifts in point of view scarcely came in those first few days), and audiences demanded the sweep of mass-forces driving toward some definite goal.

In an epilogue, consisting of supposed extracts from the letters of a friend who stayed in Russia and made his life over again to fit the ideology of the new order, we have the experience of many who "died," in one sense or another, so far as their old existence was concerned, to find footing, nevertheless, in a new world.

Alec's is the case of a man who gives up "things" completely; scraps money, and all those "bourgeois" values based on knowing the right sort of people, living in the right sort of neighborhood, and so on, finds harmony and hope in a spiritual oneness with earth, sun, wind, and rain; in the fundamental passions and aspirations of the "unspoiled" primitive man. It didn't mean savagery in Alec's case any more than it did in Thoreau's. Although he was still too much a product of the old order to march shoulder to shoulder with the new crowd, his old values were nevertheless so shaken that he deliberately set about to build a new life based on realities as unquestionable as those from which a tree, let us say, draws its strength. In other words, he seems to have retired to the country and to a life which, on its physical side, was that of the simplest peasant, but which, through his children and the children of the neighboring peasants, and the simple lessons and sound steering he, as a civilized human being, could give them, brought him a new and solid spiritual satisfaction.

Every "bourgeois" flat-dweller who likes to go picnicing, touches now and then the skirts of this conception of life. Every farmer who farms, not merely to acquire the things that city wage-earners buy with their wages, but because he prefers growing crops as a way of life, more or less follows it. Russia is a good place in which to practice it nowadays, because everybody has been forced to give up "things," and simplicity is fashionable. The real test of this neo-pioneerism will come, doubtless, when all the dams and power-plants have been built, all the tractors bought, when the home market has been supplied, and the Russians begin to acquire a surplus of leisure and of things, in spite of themselves.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY..... *Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Managing Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENET, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } *Contributing Editors*

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East of Suez

CHINA: THE PITY OF IT. By J. O. P. BLAND. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1932.

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

WHEN one sees the name of J. O. P. Bland gracing the cover of a new volume on China, one may be sure of several things. The author has something to say; it will be said skilfully and forcefully; and there will be no wishy-washy sentimentality about it. Mr. Bland has known his China for a third of a century and he is convinced that if that unhappy country has moved at all in the last three decades, it has moved backwards.

Without relieving the Chinese of their share of the responsibility in the premises, the half-baked liberalism of the West—by which is meant Great Britain and the United States for the most part—is found to be the chief cause of expanding disaster in China. What we should do is "to desist from experiments in political idealism and to apply measures of a practical humanitarianism, with a view to putting an end to the long-drawn sufferings of the "Chinese people." If we would but display "more concern for their unhappy fate and less for the vain doctrines of racial equality and ineffective sovereignty," there might be some hope of extricating China from the mire.

The Washington Conference was the fatal turning-point. The purport of the treaties signed there was to proclaim "America's intention to establish a moral guardianship over China and, by virtue thereof, to challenge Japan's position of ascendancy in Manchuria and Mongolia." This policy, Mr. Bland holds, could only hope to succeed if the young Chinese could establish a responsible government along modern lines in their country.

There is no news in Mr. Bland's conclusion that they have not done so. There is room for argument in his further conclusion that they never can. Yet he makes a strong case. He reëmphasizes the fact that the dominant loyalty of a Chinese is to his family and that thus far few have been able to substitute a larger social unit. The country suffers therefore from the activities of its officials, and in this respect the author rates the politicians of the Nanking and Canton groups no higher than the members of the old mandarinate. Like their predecessors, they have always been ready to sell their country's interest to foster their own.

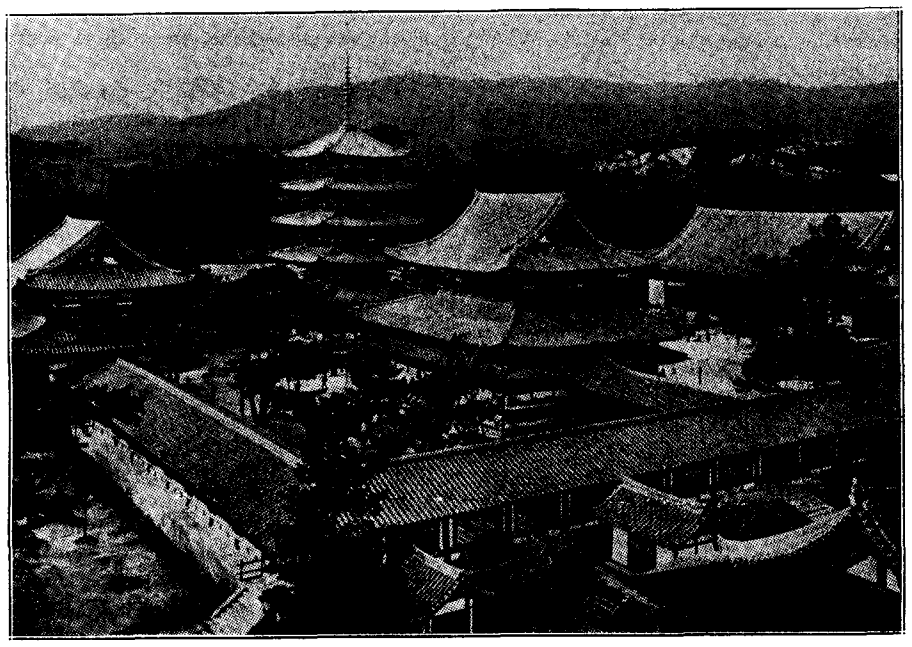
The author takes the missionaries and their efforts severely to task. They have been undermining the nation's reverence for those things which have given stability and harmony to her civilization. This they have done when they might have been giving steadying guidance through a difficult period.

Of even greater import in the disruption of China is what Mr. Bland sarcastically terms the "F. O. School of Thought." The Foreign Office, he finds, has been unduly swayed in the shaping of its policy by such incorrigible liberals as Mr. Lionel Curtis and the other "earnest busybodies" of the Royal Institute of International Affairs and the Institute of Pacific Relations. As contrasted with Mr. Curtis, it is hardly necessary to add that Mr. Bland is of those who are convinced of England's divine right to govern other peoples of the world. In his own words, "The British type of civilization will probably continue to be the best type evolved by the nations of the Western world." Doubtless it is this conviction which makes him hesitate as much as he does about commending Japan's activities in Manchuria. His argument on that score is not so much a plea for Japan as a plea for imperialism in general.

Mr. Bland's remedies for the distressing situation which exists proceed naturally from his premises. As to method he would return to the old reliable application of force. What China most needs, Mr. Bland is convinced, is ten years of uninterrupted peace and security. This, he is equally convinced, she cannot possibly achieve without assistance from outside. The powers therefore owe it to the oppressed Chinese people to abandon their formula of non-interference and to recognize that the doctrine of self-determination is inapplicable to a people which is manifestly incapable of self-government. He would have the powers formally notify the Nanking government and the provincial war lords that the railways of central China shall henceforth be neutral zones from which all military adventurers and other freebooters will be excluded. He opines that this would not take a large force and that the expenses of the operation could easily be met out of the profits of the railways under an honest foreign administration. In fact, these profits will be sufficiently large to pay not only the expenses of the actual operation, but the funds necessary to buy off the war lords and, in addition, to purchase the authorization of the central authority! Nay, there would still remain a surplus with which the foreign administrators would be able to purchase the "allegiance" of the so-called "Communists."

The pity of it is that practically everything that Mr. Bland says is true, yet these truths hurtle against one of the overwhelming imponderables of the present age. It may be, as he says, that "many of the Bible Belt's ideas on political economy still emanate from an undigested Pentateuch." Nevertheless, that spirit, manifesting itself in such "liberal" expressions as the Royal Institute of International Affairs, the Institute of Pacific Relations, and Mr. Lionel Curtis himself, is as ineradicable a fact in our time as the "immutability" of Mr. Bland's China. Even if China herself remained unchanging, China's relations with the outside world and the relations of the Powers with China cannot be the same in the twentieth century as they were in the nineteenth. Such continuity will only be possible when the civilization of the whole world has become as "static" as Mr. Bland conceives the civilization of China to be.

Henry Kittredge Norton was at one time lecturer in Tsing Hua College, Peking, and has held positions in various international conferences. He is the author of "China and the Powers" as well as several other volumes.



THE ORIENT THAT ANTEDATED FOREIGN ENTANGLEMENTS.

STORM OVER ASIA. By PAUL HUTCHINSON. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

JOURNALISTIC books on the Far East tend to date, no matter what an author may do to forecast events, to avoid the details of the moment for the broader tendencies into which any events should fit. But these events do not too often occur so as to suit the prophetic journalist. They have a way of marching off all on their own—much as a Chinese army marches when its commander holds the money bags too tightly. Mr. Hutchinson's publishers have done him the grave injustice of publishing at the very end of the year a book on Manchuria which was apparently written in the Spring without an opportunity for revision. Many of Mr. Hutchinson's imponderables have in the meantime become facts; many of his uncertainties have been settled.

Paul Hutchinson knows his Asia and has conclusive opinions concerning it. He undoubtedly, like most Americans, knows China better than Japan or India, but he is equally positive in his opinions about all these countries. A Christian, a liberal, a missionary, and a journalist, he brings to his subject what one likes to call a humanitarian point of view which too often becomes more judicial than descriptive, more moralistic than political.

The essential of the struggle between Asia and Europe is race. Many problems which appear obviously political or economic are essentially racial. Mr. Hutchinson lived in Asia during the crucial war years, when Asiatic youth began asserting its right to racial equality; he witnessed the first efforts to find a road to emancipation from "white" superiority. He has since seen this tendency take on curious forms in Japan, China, and India. These he seeks to understand and to discuss, sometimes without bias and partiality, sometimes with a sentimentalism which is characteristically American.

Few have stated Japan's attitude toward China as keenly:

> Japan has no enmity against China. That, I think, any dispassionate observer will concede. The tone adopted in the Japanese notes of 1931-32 to the United States and the League of Nations—that of undertaking a duty of correction more in sorrow than in anger—is not a cynical diplomatic pretense. It represents the actual feeling of most Japanese. They see in China a sprawling, helpless child-nation, her own worst enemy and, because of her helplessness, a constant temptation to the cupidity of the rest of the world. What China needs, as Japan sees the case, is discipline—someone to come in and whip her into shape. Because of the size of the problem, this may involve a measure of practical subjugation extending over years, or even generations. But this is all, in the long run, for China's own good. It keeps the danger of further Western penetration of the East at bay. It delivers China from further despoliation at the hands of her own military freebooters. And it will so organize China's potentialities that, when the period of tutelage is at an end, China will take her place easily and without dispute among the world powers. In the meanwhile, is not the tutor worthy of his hire?

Yet in the discussion of the details of relationship, Mr. Hutchinson seems often to deviate from the exact facts. For instance:

> The Twenty-one Demands were, when taken as a whole, an unblushing attempt to establish a Japanese protectorate over China. Why it should have been dreamed that they could be presented—let alone secured—without utterly changing the relations between the two peoples it is impossible to understand. Yet many Japanese seem to have been honestly and profoundly surprised at the reaction which the Demands evoked in China.

Mr. Hutchinson's studies should have led him to realize that the Twenty-one Demands vary only in degree from the general imperialistic program of the Powers in China. Prior to 1915, Great Britain, France, Germany, and Russia had forced upon China non-alienation agreements, regional understandings, adviserships clauses, concessions, etc., which differed from the Japanese group only in the fact that they were spread over a long period, even often imposed by actual warfare and seizure of territory instead of the threat of force, and many of them were made effective while the Japanese failed. The "white" man managed to get away with the booty; why should not the Japanese? It has been a constant source of surprise to the Japanese that they may not be as immoral as the Western Powers. They never have been able to understand this double standard.

Again, Mr. Hutchinson says:

> The nationalism of the Nanking government had, as a major part of its program, the securing for China of tariff autonomy, with the subsequent erection of protective tariff walls and the encouragement behind these walls of Chinese industries. These policies proved, in actual working out, more inimical to the great textile industries of Japan than to any other foreign interests operating in the Chinese market. It was, therefore, the very commercial interests in Japan that had encouraged the establishment of the Shidehara policy of friendly coöperation with China that seemed to suffer most from the operations of that policy. Naturally, commercial support became more and more uncertain.

Now, this is exactly wrong. I had something to do with this matter—obliquely and indirectly, of course. As a matter of fact, Japan has been investing steadily in the textile industry of China until there was more Japanese than Chinese money in this industry. The Japanese textile interests in China were not opposed to tariff autonomy, which was finally arranged by a treaty between China and Japan. The Japanese problem was more complicated than that of any other
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It is not accurate, however, to suggest that the opposition arose from the Japanese textile interest, for they had invested about $200,000,000 in China to meet this particular prospect.

Mr. Hutchinson's book has the specific value of presenting the liberal Christian reaction to Asia. He is often alarmist, as for instance when he says:

> If the military clique continues to hold Japanese policy in China on the strong-arm line, there will come open and avowed war. And it is very unlikely that this war, when it comes, will be confined to the two first antagonists.

Nearly a year and a half has passed since September 18, 1931, and there is no world war in the offing. As a matter of fact, there is less danger of an extension of the Manchurian trouble today than there was when Mr. Hutchinson wrote his book. Whereas at that time, there was an agitation for the punishment of Japan, today all efforts are in the direction of reconciliation between the contestants. The Lytton Report has had the sedative effect of indicating that a simple solution for so complex a problem is not reasonable, that there are so many sides to it that only conciliation offers hope of bringing it to an end.

Mr. Hutchinson's judgments on so many questions are so sound that it is almost certain that had he revised his manuscript in the face of the new data appearing between August and the publication date, he would not have erred in the direction of a possibility of world war. It is unfortunate that publication of his book was delayed. Yet, in the literature of this subject it will find a notable place because it is an honest expression of opinion growing out of personal relations with the countries discussed.

George E. Sokolsky, who is the New York Times *expert on the Far East and has been intimately connected with affairs in China during a long residence there, is the author of one of the most illuminating of recent books on the Orient, "The Tinder Box of Asia."*

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A Fourth Mrs. Paterson

NEVER ASK THE END. By ISABEL PATERSON. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by BRANCH CABELL

IN "Never Ask the End" Isabel Paterson has written a book which, in the first place, I declare to be very beautiful and humorous, and not a little perturbing. I then obey its imperative title. I ask only how many persons—in mere common fairness to her less protean fellow creatures—precisely how many persons, is Mrs. Paterson entitled to be?

I mean, that for a long while I have pleasurably encountered, in the *Herald Tribune*, upon Sunday after Sunday, that not especially Sabbatical Book Worm who (from her own unique worm hole, drilled delicately upon the border line between respect and derision) has made public, upon Sunday after Sunday, the travels, the teas, the wardrobes, and the post cards of the preceding week's literary geniuses; and who subscribes all such gay galimatias with her true, but her suspiciously apt initials, I. M. P. For an equally long while have I admired the signed-in-full book reviews of Isabel Paterson, those scholarly and at times profound appraisals, written, it would seem, by an elfin Ph. D. (after having considered her allotted book's author a bit over-appreciatively) with an aerially sardonic and an always faintly inhuman sympathy, expressed in quite solemn sounding sentences which yet—I do not in the least know how—contrived to twinkle.

Neither one of these two beings, themselves strangely disparate, could be made to fit in with that whole-hearted romanticist who wrote "The Singing Season," "The Fourth Queen," and "The Road of the Gods"—and who attained, in at all events this last-named book, to passage after passage of authentic thaumaturgy. It has been to me a puzzle, now for some years, why "The Road of the Gods" did not ever attract a proper fraction of the attention it merited. I pity any literate person who cannot delight in its fine hate story, enacted by the High Priest of the Cowyth-An and Alethea, the Washer of the Dead, or who reads without suitable zest about the Council of Dusty Feet, or about the Men Who Danced Like Bears, or, above all, about the strayed wild Roman Legion, in rebellion against the Rome of Augustus Cæsar, and wandering at loose ends over half Europe in quest of the fabled City of Salt and Silver.

All these affairs, I repeat, along with yet other splendiferous matters which figure in "The Road of the Gods," appeared, to my color-loving fancy, to be distinctly gorgeous notions in the while that all these figments moved sparklingly among the gray magics of a Druid Wood, reared somewhere between Legend and Faëry. All these did I accept gratefully (in the fit romantic terms) as brave boons, and as guerdons, and as largesse bestowed by this third Isabel Paterson. I applauded her, in brief, as the most nobly endowed of our few surviving romanticists.

Well, and my reward is that this hitherto triune creature has now written "Never Ask the End," and has thus assumed a fourth avatar, which in no feature resembles any one of the other three. She has written a "modern novel" which puzzles me by its profound and its entire disconnection from all and each of her preceding appearances in print, and which moves me to inquire, yet again, just how many persons is Isabel Paterson entitled to be?

"Never Ask the End" tells of how three Americans, one male and the other two female, each one of the trio somewhere in the forties, each with a reasonably extensive and variously peopled "past," meet in Paris. One of the women, Marta Brown, has for a long while known both of her compatriots, but Pauline Gardiner and Russell Girard meet for the first time. The three get on together quite nicely, in and about Paris, in and about bed, in and about all matters. That, crudely and curtly and superficially, is the story of "Never Ask the End." That alone "happens" during the progress of the book. When I have said this much, all which is truthful, I have conveyed to you the most complete travesty of the book conceivable.

For in point of fact, the book is not concerned with these matters in any sense more serious than is algebra concerned with the letters of the alphabet, or than the parable of the Good Shepherd deals with sheep raising. "Never Ask the End," the fact gradually dawns on a discriminative reader, is instead a book about, "What

ISABEL PATERSON.

do men want, what do women want, of each other and of life?" And Mrs. Paterson makes yet more immediate this question (without ever dabbling in the unwisdom of attempting to answer it herself) by the adroit use of a technique which, in so far as I know, is new.

An admirer can but indicate the employed method of narrative by remarking here that, of what is done, of what is said, of what is thought, of what is felt, and of whatsoever too at that exact instant is recollected, by Marta or by Pauline or by Russ, all is presented, just as in human living it all does occur to human consciousness, simultaneously, and with the same irrelevantly distributed emphasis. Isabel Paterson has thus tried to present—actually for the first time, I believe—the actual mental and emotional and physical life of tolerably civilized beings as that life does actually appear (in, as the painstaking might phrase it, five dimensions) at each fleeting instant of life's actual existence. You may dismiss any such attempt, should you so elect, as a *tour de force:* but I prefer to call it a small masterpiece of dexterity. For the attempt succeeds.

It follows that this fourth Mrs. Paterson has made, in "Never Ask the End," a book which any tolerably civilized American must regard, throughout, with a sort of charmed squirming. In one of, as they say, a certain age, this book will evoke, I think, an amused and yet half-resentful sense of having been undressed (once more, a bit over-appreciatively) and then left naked, by a totally fair-minded person. Of those of us Americans, reasonably cultured, who have today reached responsible middle life, here is an honest portrait, all the honest will admit perforce. Thus, and not otherwise, have we lived, from each moment to the next moment, during the most notable generation, it may be, and during the most disastrous generation, it is certain, in the world's history.

Today (now that "the grass is growing again over Liège"), today the consoling outcome is, that we oldsters are exceedingly well content to live on, for the rest of our granted while, weaving at every granted instant our five granted threads—of action, of speech, of emotion, of thought, and of recollection—into no Penelope's web, to be unravelled overnight, but into a pattern destroyed instantly, and recast instantly into another pattern no less inconceivably transient. Throughout some and forty years, we now know, we have done just this, and only this much, untiringly. And yet, "we had a good life," says Marta Brown, in the upshot. "We would very willingly do it all over again, and but hope to do it better."

For one does not really regret, at bottom, that this futile pattern-weaving, inside our own brain cells, has proved to be the utmost that life could amount to, so long as life yet endured in us "and the spirit still acknowledged its debt to the body for having served its joy." By the middle forties, in fine, one has perceived that these momentary fivefold patterns can, rather often, be made amusing or beautiful or even, in their own small way, instructive. One has seen that our human delight in them avails, day in and day out, to keep life an interesting and a fascinating kaleidoscope, and that it does reconcile us, each one of us, at well-nigh every instant, to leaving all human life unexplained. We obey, in short, the fourth Mrs. Paterson: we never ask the end.

I concede this freely. I commend these salutary morals. None the less do I demand of the welkin, with some such shade of resentment as is natural in a mere unit, just how many persons is Isabel Paterson entitled to be?

In a very special sense Björnstjerne Björnson, whose hundredth birthday was recently celebrated, says Professor J. G. Robertson, writing in the London *Observer*, "is a national poet of his people, their representative man of letters in his generation. Indeed, at the close of last century when Ibsen loomed so large on the literary horizon of Europe, there was not a little resentment in Norway at seeing the lustre of his brother in arms thus dimmed and eclisped."

FIFTY years ago is always further away in its point of view than one or two hundred years back; it is more distasteful to us, more comic.

Surface fashions change quickly, especially in dress, humor, and whiskers. Each new generation rearranges these simple disguises, and feels sure that such things are significant, and that they go deep.

It is hard to see Yesterday. When men write books about it they describe it minutely and accurately, but it is as though they were describing the cast-off skin of a snake. They laugh at this or that peculiar marking, they point out mottled spots. But they show us only the dry wrinkled skins. The live and handsome beings who wore them aren't in the museum.

Those beings were human. They were of the same species as the most modern Modern.

Clarence Day

Westward Ho

THE BRIGHT LAND. By JANET AYER FAIRBANK. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin.* 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALVAH C. BESSIE

THE reader who delights in no more than a good story will be more than amply repaid by reading Mrs. Fairbank's book; and he will get more. He will get a well-documented narrative of American life, covering the period between Jackson's administration and the Reconstruction (and the documentation, for a change, fits in the picture); he will move with the heroine, from New Hampshire to Galena, Illinois, with side trips to Boston, New York, Chicago, and New Orleans. Abbey-Delight Flagg made a runaway match because of her father—a petty domestic tyrant, and a type-specimen of that genus. With a husband she had met but three days before, she went west and literally grew up with the country. Those were stirring times: the Indians were almost on their last legs; Galena was a man's town superseding Chicago at that period, and Abolitionist talk was rife in the land. Stephen Blanchard was a man of his time; he made money hand over fist and a long life did not teach him how to manage it. Life flowed along; children were born and grew up; the Civil War broke out, their sons enlisted and their daughters felt the fascination of the uniform. When the war was over, Stephen went rapidly downhill—he was twenty years older than his bride, and as the novel closes, his children gathered symbolically from east and west to speed him on this last adventure.

It is a good tale not too well told, but the wealth of incident will hold the attention of the most exacting reader. Of style, Mrs. Fairbank has no inkling; the best that can be said for it, is its complete lack of pretension and a simplicity unmarred by affectation and unrelieved by a feeling for exactitude and inevitability of phrase. In motivation, it is startlingly lacking; it reads like a story the author had once been told, in all its multiplicity of detail—a story that "ought to be written down." At times, it is most naive, and we feel that the particularly ingenuous touches represent, unfortunately enough, conscious efforts on the author's part to achieve a more than temporal significance. Yet none of these episodes are unlikely, and in the hands of an artist, might have pointed up the narrative and lent it the significance of which its circumstantial nature strips it. Cases in point: the specious parallelism of Abbey-Delight's runaway match and her daughter's elopement; the reappearance of her long-lost brother in the guise of a river gambler on one of her husband's boats and, most pathetically obvious and awkward of all, the one "great respectable moment" of this dissolute brother, in assisting his intoxicated nephew—Abbey's son—on to the boat, which promptly blows up!

An interesting relic that was recently sold in England was the telescope used by Nelson at Trafalgar. It is inscribed, "Horatio Nelson, from E. L. H. and T. M. H., 1803," showing that it was a joint gift from Lady Hamilton and Captain Hardy. It was bought by a British firm for 1,450 guineas. Two watches, one presented to Nelson on the occasion of his marriage, and the other given by Lady Hamilton to the young sailor who killed the Frenchman who shot Nelson, went for 380 guineas.

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

NEVER ASK THE END. By ISABEL PATERSON. *Morrow.*
Everyman, Everywoman, and life in a novel by I. M. P. of the *Herald-Tribune Books.*

THE GERMAN PHOENIX. By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD. *Smith & Haas.*
The German Republic today and in its development.

THE WORLD ALMANAC.
The indispensable handbook.

This Less Recent Book:

CALL HOME THE HEART. By FIELDING BURKE. *Longmans, Green.*
A novel laid in the mill district of the South.

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The BOWLING GREEN

The Folder

SOUVENIR OF MEXICO

(From a Special Correspondent)

AS on other occasions when I have been in delectable places I intended a letter to the Green from Mexico, and indeed meant to bring you a volcano home as souvenir, but I had only an abbreviated fortnight, so eyes and feet took all my energy. Tonight, with more than a touch of Eskimo Summer in the air, I would recall it and lack better means than telling you. I am sure you were never there, else you had not been able to keep silence.

Happily for us both, Mexico is separated from the U. S. by a cordon sanitaire of desert, and in that I include about everything between St. Louis and the Distritto Federale. Once there, one does not even trouble to forget the journey.

Picture to yourself a semi-tropic foreground, in the town with extravagant yet solid masonry, in the country with a highly decorative native life yet thoroughly unconscious and essential. As there is a crack in everything which God has made, Mexico has not escaped, but there the cracks appear, sometimes smoking, at the tops of Mountains which bear the engaging names of Popocatepetl, Ixtacihuatl, and Orizaba. Popo wears a snow collar of lace like a Van Dyck aristocrat, Ixta's feminine contours sleep under changeful blues and whites of everlasting ice, Orizaba, more distant, maintains a Jungfrau aloofness in Fujiyama forms. Each is exceedingly beautiful, and seldom is not one or more visible from the city or from anywhere in the great valley of Mexico.

The city is not "a little Paris." There is no ostentation, no milliners' architecture; there are no pink motor cars, or overdressed women (or underdressed). The character is its own. You remember how in Italy the people go about the towns continually carrying furniture. Nothing seems more peripatetic than Italian furniture. But in Mexico they go that one or more better—a man may be wearing three sombreros, or carrying on his back a house and lot, or on his head a bowl of goldfish.

Fleas? But of course fleas if you go, as you would, into the markets where you can outfit yourself very tidily for a year with $3.00 Mex. for a straw sombrero (plus trimmings if you like, and no one cares), a suit of cotton pyjamas, a pair of sandals soled with cast-off American tires (some prefer Goodyear, some Goodrich) *and* a serape. Now the serape is no casual affair. I once heard an amorous Frenchman (are Frenchmen always amorous?) almost under the spray of the Fountain of Vaucluse complain to the host that the cheese was not serious. Such indictment lies not against the serape. You never see two alike, from the morose cerements which trail from the bent back of the sad Indian to the jaunty gold-embroidered tea-cloth which ornaments the shoulder of the charro. What the kettle is to the Japanese, the hearth to the Britisher, the café to the Frenchman, the office to the American, that the serape is to the Mexican. It is home.

Beyond the city some forty miles over an impeccable highway is Cuernavaca, "uralt" and lovely among well sculptured hills where in the plaza of an evening four men beat gently on the xylophone tunes of the place and time while men and women walk sedately on opposite sides. From the terrace of the small hotel or from the gardens of pleasant people you look off across a tumble of fantastic hills, filled, they say, with abandoned monasteries and banditti, to the great volcanoes, blue-white or rosy at sunset. Or else, if you wish (and I did) you can take in an El Greco background—the sort he put into the Entombment of Count Orgaz—from an advantageous window of the ladies' jail; a jail, I may remark, inhabited exclusively by husband-murderesses whose gaiety and giggle contradict all seeming asperity of grill or austerity of ration. These are excursions which must not interfere with your attendance on Sunday at Xochimilco.

(You will have noticed the frequency in Mexican nomenclature of X, that most satisfactory and expressive symbol of our alphabet. How can one remain indifferent to a place or person endowed with that symmetrical and unknown quantity?)

But I was speaking of Xochimilco. You have heard of the floating gardens. These are they, but now their roots have anchored them to the bottom of the shallow lake across which sailed the intrepid and avaricious companions of stout Cortez. These gardens are baskets of an acre or two each, separated by narrow poplar-lined canals and growing violets and onions, lilies and cabbages, daisies, daffodils and roses for the city markets. They seem to cover miles. Behind them lies the old Spanish town, and above their calm water rise the white caps of the volcanoes.

On Sunday this is the playground of middle-class Mexico. It comes out by trolley or by Ford and embarks in innumerable skiffs, each with a table down the center protected from the too insistent sun by pink or yellow canopy the entrance end of which is decorated with a minor triumphal arch of flowers, crimson, purple, orange and blue, often bearing the name of the half-Cleopatran barge. (I chose *La Esperanza,* but that did me little good, for while Mexico is curative to arthritis, anæmia, tuberculosis and ingrowing toe-nails, it is practically powerless against a nostalgia for dark eyes.)

The boats fill up, this with a double family-party — two patres familiarum, two matres of the same, suckling infants, and a heterogeneous offspring playing mandolins and pranks, pulling hair and occasionally falling overboard; the next bearing a sentimental couple close-locked to the tunes of a guitarist in the stern; and then a party of a dozen young folk dancing, these with an orchestra of six pieces. And between and among these, many skiffs dart, incredibly small and narrow dugouts paddled by sometimes beautiful Indians who sell for nothing or less their heaps of vivid flowers, or beer and skittles. Along the banks small rustic restaurants offer strange food and better music. The whole place throbs with guitars like a marsh with mosquitoes. It was rather trying at my age. Still I recommend it.

But perhaps I should warn you of one damnable, iterative tune, pulsing like a fevered wrist; and of two girls in white dancing beneath the dappled shade. One had fine eyes, even across the canal, and a biggish mouth full of fine teeth, frankly laughing at me.

I have not really mentioned the people. They are astonishingly mongoloid in feature, and gentle. You wonder if, like the Chinese, they are laughing and easy and humorous and kind, till once in a lifetime they go completely haywire. I think perhaps yes.

But they are gentle. Their small voices are haunting and appealing, their looks responsive and friendly. They would get on with us who are like that, yet run amuck once in a generation—at least!

You will think this letter has been subsidized by some tourist agency. It has not. Mexico needs no tourists. Mexico needs nothing unless perhaps a Thornton Wilder and another few centuries of wholesome neglect. It can be improved by nothing, except it might be your company and mine through a long succession of Hesperidean afternoons.

I have not even mentioned Tlaxcala, or Taxco, charming but a shade Greenwich Villageoise, or the great pyramids. At least I have spared you something.

HUGH WESTERN.

I have not looked up the data, but if, as an astrologer has suggested, Sherlock Holmes was most likely born in January, some observance is due. Therefore, if the matter has never been settled, I nominate January 7th (the date of this issue of the *Saturday Review*) as his birthday, and

SHERLOCK HOLMES.

reproduce herewith a new portrait, specially done for the occasion by our staff artist W. S. H. (The year of Holmes's birth is thought to be 1853.)

During a recent slight access of grippe —enough to cause lethargy but no real grievance—the Green found complete satisfaction in three excellent mystery stories—*Death Answers the Bell,* by Valentine Williams; *Murder at Endor,* by William Almon Wolff; and Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's famous *The Lodger*—which I had never read, and which is worthy to stand on De Quincey's shelf. It is a story of horror rather than mystery, and is now available in the new omnibus volume containing three of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's best grislies.

A publisher tells me he was one of a group who were celebrating Christmas Eve in cheerful fashion when it occurred to one irresponsible member to look in the telephone book for names that had a Christmas flavor. It's not really a very good joke, but they called up various Reindeers and Kringles and left appropriate messages. Then, with growing excitement, they discovered the name S. Claus in the directory. But this time the dial didn't make it. The voice of the Telephone Company came in. "That number's disconnected," she said.

Poor Mr. Claus, I suppose it happens every Christmas and how he must dread it.

On one of his recent visits to town William McFee was a guest of honor at the Book Fair held by Messrs. Abraham & Straus in Brooklyn. A young woman in the Book Department was showing him the excitements. "And these," she said, "are the Pop-Up Books—see, when you open them the illustrations rise right up from the pages. It's wonderfully lifelike."

"Fine," said Mac. "There ought to be an edition like that of *Lady Chatterley's Lover.*"

Every once in a while the world of scholarship is exercised by the discovery of a new portrait of Shakespeare. I also found one the other day; quite new to me, though perhaps familiar to cigar-smokers. It's on the lid of a box of cigars called *Shakespeare,* it pleases me very much.

Lovers of maritime books will be much interested in the new catalogue issued by Alfred W. Paine, 336 Lexington Avenue, New York, who deals only in "books relating to Salt Water." He lists, for instance, an English first of *The Nigger of the Narcissus* at $30, which is very reasonable. I am particularly pleased by Mr. Paine's allusions to M. F. Maury. Of Maury's *Physical Geography of the Sea* (New York, 1855) he says: "This is the most important of all books on the sea. Maury revolutionized commerce and saved the world millions of dollars. No one should miss this fascinating book." And again, referring to Maury's *Treatise on Navigation* (Philadelphia, 1836) he says: "Maury's name will always be secure in America's hall of fame, and his books will eventually be appreciated by the collector."

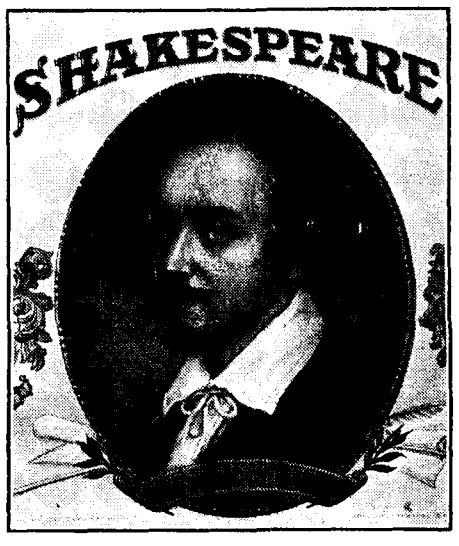
Mr. Robert K. Haas, the publisher, showed me part of an interesting letter from Evelyn Scott. She describes the old East Anglian seaport Lowestoft, not often visited by Americans, and as the Bowling Green has often reminded its clients of the charms of East Anglia, we are grateful for permission to quote:—

> I wonder what you would think of this part of England which we so much prefer to London! It's bleak, very; and, up here, the earth is very gradually slipping into the sea. But Jack and I seem to thrive as much on such discouraging aspects of nature as we fail where the discouragement is provided by humans. The town is industrial, and (rare in this age) that, instead of being the destruction of its individuality, is the making of everything unique. Because the industry happens to be one of the few left which demands of those engaged in it a highly individual performance: fishing. Every day the horizon of the water swarms with smacks and trawlers. We have been to the basin when the catches were being unloaded, and the salty rankness of them, and the silver deluge of them on the dock, and the creaking voices of nine thousand (it looked) hungry gulls, gave a color to living in England which you cease to expect from its urbanity. The packers are all Scotch girls, wearing sea boots, wide black petticoats, and handkerchiefs on their heads as gaudy as those of Indians, and it made you want to cry with relief to find there were still things that the best Public School enlightenment couldn't supply.

Another January birthday is that of Ben Franklin. In Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach's privately printed *The All-Embracing Doctor Franklin* (a little masterpiece of mischief, but quite unobtainable) the famous collector tells how the MS of Franklin's celebrat
came to his hands.
for a brief quotatio

> The original m[illegible] came to me in a curious way. It was thought immoral in the chaste city of Chicago to which it had been bequeathed by the will of a discriminating citizen. Chicago being known for its purity, and not tolerating anything that is even slightly indelicate, offered it to me—at a price, of course, for it did not hesitate to profit, like a frail sister, from its shame. I would sooner have this precious document, written entirely by the hand of Franklin, than many of the public monuments of that great western city.

Joseph Conrad once wrote an essay—I think it was called *Notices to Mariners*—in which he pointed out that official maritime bulletins were one form of prose



THE CIGAR BOX SHAKESPEARE.

composition in which clarity and simplicity might mean life or death. And the other day, in a stroll along York Avenue in the hospital region of the Upper East Side, I saw in the window of T. H. McKenna's medical bookshop a copy of *Essentials of Prescription Writing* by Eggleston (4th edition). It was a holiday, the shop was closed, I had no chance to examine the book. But that kind of writing also, I reflected, should be considered in any ecumenical treatise on composition.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Fiction

ONE DAY IN OCTOBER. By SIGURD HOEL. Coward-McCann. 1932. $2.

Twelve hours in an apartment house. The people of the house are alarmed and titillated over the young divorcee who has quarrelled with her husband and screams hysterically through the evening. Later comes silence and then the shocking end that makes all these people rouse and look at themselves for a moment with impartial and alien eyes. It is a bold idea to attempt the delineation of a dozen people with the slenderest of plots, with only the arbitrary unity of the walls of an apartment house and a few screams to hold the story together. It is, in short, a display of virtuosity, a technical exhibition of the craft of novel writing that Mr. Hoel chooses to give us. And it is clever.

The reader, however, finds himself enthralled by the craftsmanship rather than by the story, with keen curiosity as to the method by which the author is going to hurdle the difficulties that he himself has created in choosing this subject. It is obvious that the characters can live only as they come in contact with the new lodgers, that the author must present them as a series of portraits and with a series of soliloquies. Only once does the technique of the author waver. He must present the attitude and philosophy of the discarded husband, a young scientist, who does not enter the apartment house during the story. He sits at his desk and reads an essay on science and marriage—a very good essay but one strangely out of place in the rapid action of the book.

This rapidity of action is the great virtue of the book that atones for any of its faults. Tersely and grimly Mr. Hoel has sketched a picture of average people in this present society of ours, people who have dropped into mediocrity at middle age, and are hardly aware that they are bound to the treadmill of senseless habit till they are suddenly awakened by a tragedy at their doors. Even then their reactions are the motions of despair rather than those of rebellion.

GOING SOMEWHERE. By MAX EWING. Knopf. 1932. $2.50.

Going Somewhere—yes, and going pretty fast, and in company with an author whose tongue, as frequently as not, is lightly in his cheek. In printing this fantastically amusing book upon pale green paper—and not so pale, at that—the publishers must have indulged a prophetic insight into the pale green mood required of any reader for the proper enjoyment of their unusual offering. White or black, moody gray or rose,—no, these would not have done. Pale green it is. Step aboard and join the cocktail party; let yourself go and you will laugh at one long, clever absurdity from cover to cover. And if you choose to discern a touch of irony underneath all the burlesque and extravaganza of the rapid succession of incidents,—well, so much more value will the book hold for you.

The Princesse de Villefranche, already a devotee of extravagant entertainments at home, wishes further adventure abroad. She journeys to New York, hoping for sensations and for material for a book of impressions. She receives both in full measure, and bleats her amazement from chapter to chapter. Like a jazz orchestra picking out every blatant sound

(Continued on next page)

In the American town today . . .

. . . A community where the old life is boiling over into something different; where concrete roads streak by the post-office and its hangers-on, and the telephone exchange is the beating heart of the town's gossip; where there are tight-lipped natives, as good as any one else, mebbe better; aristocrats with a show place; aristocrats' children who hate the town; the town doctor who brought half the generation into the world; the mysterious woman on the hill who looks like a hired man and talks like a philosopher . . .

there's a grand story

. . . not simply a panorama of life, but a fast-moving tale that comes to a climax inevitably dictated by two decades of scandal and cross-grained human complications . . .

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JAMES GOULD COZZENS

AUTHOR OF "S. S. SAN PEDRO"

THE LAST ADAM

JANUARY SELECTION OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

Henry Seidel Canby, editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*: "Salty, humorous, homely, as full of character as a Connecticut pasture is packed with boulders. Mr. Cozzens' command of story-telling makes it easy reading, but it is the stuff of his story that counts. It is a pleasure to praise a novel that is realistic without being cantankerous, and thoroughly American in its gusto and shrewdness."

Just published, $2.50 at bookstores

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO., 383 MADISON AVE., N. Y.

Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

J. REDWOOD ANDERSON

THE best book of poems that has come to me since last writing this department is *Transvaluations* by J. Redwood Anderson (Oxford University Press). As may be gathered, Mr. Anderson is one of the younger—at least from my point of view!—English poets. His former works are listed as four in number, "Walls and Hedges," "Haunted Islands," "Babel: A Dramatic Poem," and (without obligation to Mr. Noel Coward) "The Vortex." Unfortunately none of these books has come my way, but I have heretofore encountered Mr. Anderson's work in anthologies, being chiefly struck by the fact that his name was so similar to that of our own Sherwood Anderson.

Now that I sit down actually to study Mr. Anderson's latest book, the man's quality immediately becomes apparent. He commands a free rhymed verse of graceful flexibility. He can make it do various things. His phrase is rarely startlingly good, but it is always adequate. And he has something mystical to say which is worth ferreting out. His imagination, as displayed for example in "Gethsemane," a most moving presentment of the agony in the Garden, is finely dramatic:

Suddenly, he was Cain.
Bright
the fire of God's delight
licked up his brother's offering, left his own:
he heard the blind blood's roar,
the frown
wounded his forehead; in his brain
the thought of murder, never thought before,
from atavistic caverns sprang;
he felt the stone
the right hand grasped, the arm's full sweep, the shock;
heard the harsh moan
of mazed horror that through the rough hills rang
reechoing: I have slain!

And Jesus groaned and in his two hands gripped,
till the edge cut, the saving rock —
no weapon!—where sweat dripped.

There has been something I wished to say about the writing of poetry, which Mr. Anderson illustrates,—the possession of an ear precise for the sound of syllables, not merely words, while never losing the movement of underlying rhythm. Just before the late war the introduction of the practice of free verse into the writing of this country broke up the locked ice of classical technique, but it also loosed a flood of most mediocre composition that called itself poetry. A great deal of such stuff is still written today. It is not even as good as prose, because it is broken into jerky fragments, losing thereby any essential rhythm it originally possessed. I think the reason for the multiplication of so much of this absolutely dead writing must be accounted for by the average person's complete lack of ear for the rhythms of the printed word. They can recognize those rhythms when an accomplished reader makes them plain—but they lack the true poetic ear, just as I lack a true ear for music and cannot even whistle without flatting.

THE TRUE POETIC EAR

The true poetic ear involves a most delicate sensitiveness to the sound of each syllable of a line in conjunction with every other syllable. It is this exactitude which distinguishes the "atmosphere" of poetry from that of prose. The possession of this fineness of ear is what distinguishes our best poets from the minor poets who could go far toward cultivating its possession, but will continue to lean heavily upon mere afflatus and never take sufficient pains. I feel that, since the days of Swinburne, say, we have increased our knowledge of what I may call the interior mechanics of poetry. Swinburne, for all his might, majesty, dominion, and power, leaned too heavily upon "alliteration's artful aid" and other devices which he often used to perfection. Today we are just discovering the use of even subtler devices, and there is still a great deal to be learned. I might better cite Coventry Patmore's catalectics as pointing the way toward new successful experimentation in an almost infinitely flexible verse-structure than to the careful work of Mr. Redwood Anderson (rather a disciple of his) now before me; but as I am, *im-primis*, discussing Anderson's work, I choose him for illustration. He is still a minor poet, but he is also a craftsman.

It seems to me, when I speculate concerning modern poetry, that what should be aimed at is directness of statement made with the greatest concision, always allowing for the use of decorative imagery. This is no new dictum. But it takes advantage of what the imagists preached, while at the same time allowing for the entrance of that wild poetic "magic" that knows no rules. However, direct and concise statement in poetry cannot be made as it is in prose. The "music" of poetry must be maintained, and music in modern verse should involve a flexible, varying rhythm full of such interior mechanics as adapt the form to the thing said. The trouble with most practitioners of free verse is that their ear is exact neither for the wave-beat and variance of rhythm nor for the effective syllabification. They produce chopped-up wooden prose statement, like a pile of kindling. Poetry must *flow*, slowly or swiftly as the matter dictates. This can be accomplished within fixed verse-forms, it can be accomplished in blank verse, it can most certainly be accomplished in free verse, as in free rhymed verse, when the poet possesses the necessary ear.

Mr. Anderson's poetry has flow and pays attention to the weight of syllables. Allow me to choose as illustration of his management of his verse, in retard and acceleration, this passage from his poem on the very ancient theme of the flight of Icarus:

The quiet pause of noon had come and gone.
Along the shore the multitude
still stood
speechless in wonder, watching. On his hill
Daedalus still
stood as stone motionless, and gazed and gazed
Into the vacant roundness of the sky.
Then, suddenly, a sigh
swept through the people, as a wind will pass
—a single gust—through all the swaying grass:
amazed
they looked, and saw in the blue height
glow like a star a far-off point of light;
and a great shout of welcome and of pride
tore like a storm through all the silent air . . .
a shout that, at its loudest, died
into a hush of stunned despair . . .
For what fell there?
fell, and not flew!
and where,
the wings that should have borne it? True
as plummet drops, or star through night,
as a shot bird, so dropped the white
body of Icarus—and, where the seas
slumbered between the rocky Cyclades,
plunged from sight.

A careful analysis of that passage will reveal, I think, meticulousness of language, of vowel and consonant sounds, working intricately within rhythmically expressive verse. But the occasion—that of Icarus's flight and fall—is perhaps too obviously dramatic. Let me, again, choose a shorter passage from "The Forest," merely a description of Autumn leaves "withering down," to use the poet's own excellent phrase:

They fell like a dusk cataract,
with the continuous rushing soft
hush of far waters; like the rustling flight
of starlings in a long line strung
against the failing light.
They fell like a swift curtain hung
from the top twigs aloft—
fell like a curtain lowered fast
to shut the future from the past.

The onomatopoetic values of that might be studied with profit, as well as the use of significant figurative language.

In summation I should say that Mr. Redwood Anderson has a number of the qualities of a very fine poet indeed. But one he lacks. Somehow, for all his craftsmanship, the impress of his words upon the mind does not have the indelibility by which is known the sovereign voice. That is little matter, you may say, seeing that most poets of the day are in like case. Which is true. But I feel that this poet may have it in him to excel even his own at-present distinguished simplicity. As it is, his is a book for the discriminating.

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A London Letter

By MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

UNDER the probable title of "A Communication to My Friends," Mr. George Moore is now engaged in writing a short account of his literary life. Curiously few great writers have cared to share with their readers the secrets connected with the creative side of their work. So I feel the fact that George Moore is so engaged is important news to every man and woman in the English-speaking world who takes a real interest in literature. Nowadays, when the widest license is accorded to every writer, whatever his kind of writing and however small the value of his work, it is difficult to realize how great a fight was put up by George Moore, not once but several times, against those powerful fanatics who would fain have kept literature in swaddling-bands. It seems incredible that not very long ago "Esther Waters," that truly noble presentment of a human being, was banned both by the circulating libraries and the public libraries of Great Britain. Twice at least Mr. Moore has had to appear in a London police court to defend his honor as a writer. Small wonder that one of his witty friends suggested that his new apologia should be called "George and the Dragon"! It is also good news that as soon as Mr. Moore has finished his apologia, he will again resume work on a short novel.

The enforced withdrawal by the British government of Compton Mackenzie's "Greek Memories" has made a considerable sensation. As seems to be always the case when a book is suppressed in England, "Greek Memories" had already been exhaustively reviewed, in two or three cases by men who were actually in Greece at the time the events occurred which Compton Mackenzie describes in his book. Furthermore, everyone really concerned with the contents of the book had already made a point of procuring it. No reason was given for the suppression of what must be, to all those interested in the part played by Greece in the war, a book of pronounced value.

If, as is rumored, the suppression of the volume is owing to a short passage which gave away what might well be called "le sécrét de Polichinell," then it is to be hoped that "Greek Memories" will be in due course republished, minus the offending paragraph. What the London *Times* wrote of "First Athenian Memories" is certainly true of this remarkable book: "The writer can use his pen at will as a razor, a rapier, a cutlass, or a club; he can tickle with it as with a feather, or make it sting like caustic."

In Victorian days, men, and women, too, wrote down their frank opinions of those about them, and then, putting the manuscript away, either left it to the discretion of their executors whether their memoirs should be published at all, or (as in the case of Sir Edmund Gosse with his Diary), directed that publication be postponed for fifty years. Official biographies are still extremely discreet—the life of Henry Asquith, Lord Oxford, is a case in point. But unofficial lives, and, above all, recollections connected with the great war, have been extraordinarily frank.

"Greek Memories" was followed by Bruce Lockhart's "British Agent." As the book has been, I understand, chosen by the American Book-of-the-Month Club, thousands of readers on your side will soon be reading this extraordinary record. I may claim to have read almost every book on Russia published in the French and English languages, also every translation from the German I have been able to procure. But no book dealing with pre-war or post-war Russia has made on me so vivid an impression as has this account of part of an amazingly varied and adventurous life. Blurbs seldom tell the truth. But the blurb issued with the English edition of this book tells naught but the simple truth: "Had there been an Englishman in daily contact with Robespierre and Danton during the great Revolution, his record would have had a place in every library today. Bruce Lockhart's record of his relationship with Lenin and Trotsky provides a parallel contribution to the history of our own time." "British Agent" will be followed by a volume dealing with the author's life in the years that immediately followed 1918. They were spent by him in the Near East, and were filled with even more strange and exciting adventures than those he has described in this volume. The career of this writer proves once more, if indeed proof was needed, that journalism formed an excellent apprenticeship for the writing of literature. From Defoe onwards, the gift of vivid narrative seems in a special degree to be bestowed on those who have been compelled to write against time. The author of "British Agent" is now what I suppose would be called in America the most successful columnist on the London Press.

A new book which, though quite different from that of Mr. Lockhart, is full of extremely interesting, hitherto unpublished, information concerning the part played by the British Military Mission sent to Berlin immediately after the war, is "Peace Patrol," by Colonel Stewart Roddie. Of the hundreds of volumes written concerning post-war conditions in Germany, there is none which covers the particular field selected by this able British officer. He came in touch with all the great figures of the present German day, from Hindenburg down to Hitler. It may also be revealed, I hope without fear of indiscretion, that Colonel Roddie was entrusted with the delicate task of bringing together the broken links which naturally united many of the members of the British Royal Family to innumerable relations—uncles, aunts, nephews, and nieces—who, till the August of 1914, had been on terms of the closest intimacy and affection. Of these German ex-kings and queens, grand-dukes and grand-duchesses, Colonel Roddie gives a very living, intimate, and often amusing and pathetic picture.

Mr. Douglas Jerrold, bearer of a name famous in Victorian annals, and whose novel, "Storm over Europe," created a good deal of notice when it came out two or three years ago, is now engaged in an exhaustive study of Charles the First. Considering the pivotal part played in British history by that unfortunate monarch, it is strange that nothing has been written about him in our own time. Mr. Jerrold intends his book to be an answer to the Whig historians, Macaulay and Trevelyan, to say nothing of Gardiner. He is finding a great deal of new, unpublished, it may be said unsuspected, material, which will throw light on the character, and also on the policy, of the man who is evidently fast becoming his hero, as well as his subject. Charles the First and his enigmatic personality has so far attracted but few novelists, yet, in the present writer's view, one of the most striking passages in the literature of the nineteenth century is the page in "John Inglesant" where Strafford's ghost gives the password, *Christ*, in the Palace of Whitehall, when on his way to confront his faithless king.

Mr. Guedalla, who will soon be in America, has been absorbed for some time past going through, with a view to editing, the immense correspondence, comprising thousands of letters, written by Queen Victoria to Gladstone, and by Gladstone to Queen Victoria. Gladstone's children, of whom there is now only one survivor, felt most deeply the widespread impression which prevails, it may be admitted, wherever the modern history of England is read, that the Queen hated and it might almost be said despised, the man who was for so long her faithful and deferential servant. Mr. Guedalla will be able to prove that for more than half their life-long connection, the Queen was not only fond of Gladstone, but trusted him implicitly. That her affection turned to acute dislike cannot be denied. The Gladstone family believe that this was owing to the crafty machinations of Disraeli; but the admirers of "Dizzy" declare that it was Gladstone's own conduct, especially his attitude towards Ireland, that altered her feeling. Still, whatever she may have felt, he seems to have gone on to the end regarding her with a curious mixture of affection and reverence, accepting her, in very truth, as "the Lord's annointed." It is a curious fact, one, I fancy, known to comparatively few people, that since Spain became a republic, the British sovereign is the only monarch in the world who is actually annointed, the ceremonial dating from almost the Norman Conquest.

Apropos of royal personages and their letters, an effort is again being made to obtain the publication rights of the extraordinarily interesting, and naturally most intimate, letters which were written by the late Empress Frederick to her brother, the then Prince of Wales, later Edward the Seventh. There were only eleven months between the brother and sister, and they remained bound in the tenderest affection, a touching fact when it be remembered that the sister married and left her country when she was only seventeen, and that their opportunities of meeting must have been comparatively few.

The present writer was once told, apropos of Queen Victoria's daily letter to each of her children, a story which appears to her amusing. The Queen's letter to the then German Crown Princess was always entrusted to a member of the corps of Queen's Messengers. In those days these gentlemen played a considerable part in diplomacy, for they were the bearers of the Foreign Office bags, whose contents were regarded as so private that if the ship on which the messenger happened to be was in danger of sinking, the bags had to be immediately weighted and thrown overboard. Now Queen Victoria's daily letter to her daughter caused Bismarck great uneasiness. He believed each letter contained not only advice, but practically orders affecting the relations of the two countries. My informant had the task of examining this correspondence when it was sent back to Windsor after the Empress Frederick's death. The immense majority of the letters—in fact, far more than the proverbial ninety-nine out of each hundred—consisted of the words: "My dear Vicky. I hope you are well. I am well. Love from Ma."

Three or four years ago there appeared a striking novel called "Cranmer Paul," by Rolf Bennett, which was regarded by the discerning as heralding the advent of a fine new novelist. Indeed the story was compared by some of the leading English critics to the work of Conrad. The same writer is now publishing in February a new novel called "Mr. Pyecroft Goes to Heaven." I understand that this is a study of escape—of a man, that is, who, chained to dull routine all his life, at last gets away from it all, without, however, knowing that he is doing so. Believing himself to be the descendant of a famous pirate, and then eventually the actual pirate himself, "Mr. Pyecroft," organizes an expedition to the West Indies in order to recover a vast treasure. He is regarded by those about him as more or less insane; yet his supporters so far believe in the treasure as to push forward with their venture. The book is written on a large scale, as will be seen by the fact that certain unforeseen complications in this curious, original story almost lead to a war between England and America!

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

in turn, each phase of a hilarious merry-go-round life of pleasure-seeking is stressed in rapid, extravagant episodes. The whole is decked out in amusing language with a light journalistic touch and an undercurrent of humorous ridicule. Upon an ocean liner, in studios and night-clubs, in Detroit gangdom and in New York social fastnesses (?), the author's imagination runs on, an endless stream of farcial invention, sustained to the end. Approached in its own vein the book will be sardonically amusing.

Miscellaneous

PERSONALITY, MANY IN ONE. By JAMES WINFRED BRIDGES. Stratford. 1932.

Professor Bridges supplies a useful map to guide students and studious readers in a territory in which no one is a stranger but few are expert. For, however we conceive the nature of the "many in one" of which the individual is the summary and issue, we need triangulations and surveys to spy out the land of personality. From the physical features to the physiological dynamisms, to the intellectual capacities, the affective qualities, the temperamental constitution, the type allegiances, the course runs convergently to some form of total synthesis. Each personality is a consistent and congenial one in many.

By limiting his purpose and proceeding in orderly and simple fashion, the author presents a primer of orientation, which will be as servicable to those professionally as to those personally concerned in a clarity of approach. We all have the problem, as James observed, of reaching a *modus vivendi* among the several personalities, established and potential, that must keep house together in the same tenement of clay. That task presents all manners of complexities because the clay is neuronic tissue and not altogether plastic. Its functioning is a compromise between heredity a ' environment, between purpose and c.. cumstance, between ambition and social adjustment.

-of lasting value-

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by John Galsworthy
$2.50

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by Mark Sullivan
$3.75.

The March of Democracy
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$3.50

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by Ernest Hemingway
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SCRIBNE

A good New Year's Resolution...

I'm going to read **HUMAN BEING** *by Christopher Morley* because the critics and individual readers are saying that:

—it brings to life two memorable characters; Richard Roe, the Mouse-Heart, and Minnie Hutzler, one of those rare and thrilling people who seem to know What It's All About.

—it contains perhaps the finest picture ever drawn in fiction of the drama that goes on behind the plate glass doors of an office.

—it is as richly quotable as any book published in years.

—it draws the web of life very tight, probes many of the cruel and subtle secrets of all our lives.

—it enables the reader to share the creation of the actual human pang.

—it is a nobly human novel—it is Christopher Morley at his greatest—it is as haunting as his "Thunder on the Left."

HUMAN BEING
by
Christopher Morley
350 Pages. Fifth Large Printing.
$2.50. Doubleday, Doran

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

B. DeV., Lincoln, Mass., has in mind "something which we will agree to call a farm; not a permanent abode but a place for week-ends and similar retreats from the literary-minded," which will use so much of his reserves that he can't afford to have the place put in order by a professional.

"THAT will leave the labor of restoring house, barn, and surroundings to me," he says, "a person of moderate charm and great enthusiasm but cosmically ignorant of tools, the technique of their use, and the devices of common sense. I am an authority on frontier life but something less than a frontiersman. I am not, God help me, a handy man. I cannot convey to you how complete a dub I am at anything which requires tool sense.

"But I have a scholar's faith in books . . . and Boston bookstores are impressive but barren of the practical. Are there no books for dubs of my sort? Something to be called perhaps 'Theory and Practice of the Saw and Plane for Beginners'? Is there not a 'Householder's Book of Knowledge' with appendixes on amateur wiring, hydraulics of the farm house, how to affix weather-stripping, and the properties of solder? Is it beyond the resources of printing to qualify a writer to mend holes in plaster?"

Right away I think of three. The latest is "The Handy Man's Handy Book," by Clemens T. Schaefer (Harper), which goes into general mechanical operations, wood, metal, electrical and plumbing work; tells about tools and their use and how not to use them. It is the sort of book meant to train up handy men at home, in the factory and—take notice—on the farm. I know something about farms. My uncle says that to keep a small one-man farm on its feet in Vermont calls for expert knowledge of at least ten trades, not to speak of household and veterinary medicine, and what you know you usually need in a hurry.

So perhaps B. DeV. can stand one or two more books? "Tinkering With Tools," by H. H. Saylor (Little, Brown), is a grand one to have around the house.

It even gives me delusions that I could do something with hammer and nails. Observe that it is published by a Boston house. This deals also with floor-finishing, painting, plumbing, electric wiring, masonry and brickwork: I have recommended it ever since a tinkering boy of my acquaintance worked his way triumphantly through the better part of it. And when you get to the furniture-making, there is "Carpentry for Beginners: Things to Make," by J. D. Adams (Dodd, Mead), and that shows you how to construct all sorts of things.

ROBERT HART LEWIS of the Oxford University Press thinks that J. L. (no address) who asked about a slang dictionary, "will be greatly interested in the new edition edited by Eric Partridge of Francis Grose: 'Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue,' issued by Scholartis Press, for which we are agents: the price is $8 of his bookseller. Your colleague Quercus mentioned this in his article in the *Saturday Review of Literature* of July 9."

"We want," says *M. K., Evanston, Ill.*, "a book describing two-handed card games. Russian Bank is the best yet and does good service but we need variety." There is a book, published in 1931, for precisely this purpose: "Games For Two," by E. S. Warren (Harcourt). And in case something about Russian Bank is required by anyone reading this, there is "Russian Bank (or Crapette)," by R. F. Foster (Dutton).

H. G., Green Bay, Wis., asks for a book for a boy who shows an interest in the legal profession. "The Road to the Law," by Dudley Cammett Lunt (Whittlesey House) uses layman's language to explain the elements of common law, illustrating from real life with much humor and charm. The pictures are reproductions in aquatint of Pugin and Rowlandson prints.

E. B. Z., Verona, N. J., asks for the best edition of "Le Cid" for children 13-15. "I am most anxious for my children to know and enjoy it but do not want it spoiled for them by the wrong presentation." The most distinguished version of the story of the Cid is that made by Merriam Sherwood for Longmans, Green, in "The Tale of the Warrior Lord": this is translated for the first time into English from the definitive edition of the poem, by Ramon Menendez Pidal. It is not often that so sound a work of scholarship is conducted in the interests of children; this version is not only excitingly readable, but further spiced by excellent pictures.

IN the November 26th issue of the *Saturday Review*, says *H. S. D., Hanford, California*, your department asks for the name of a book in which all the characters are trees. In Walter De La Mare's fascinating "Desert Island" (Farrar & Rinehart) is a not (page 174) in which he says:

"The pines are not trees, but humans—"

Not so the beings whom Baron Holberg's hero, Niels Klim, encounters in his "Journey to the World Underground." This famous Danish author, who died at the age of seventy in 1754, is renowned not only for his comedies but as a historian and a philosopher. . . . The "Journey" was written in Latin; it is at once a satire and a complete system of ethics.

Its hero, armed only with a boathook, descends into the netherworld by way of an orifice in the "Weathercock Mountain." The rope by which he is suspended snaps, and, like Milton's archangel, he falls—and falls. He finds himself at last in a region

(*Continued on page* 372)

SINCLAIR LEWIS
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Praise of Folly

ERASMI ROTERODAMI: ECONOMIUM MORIÆ *i. e.* Stultitiæ Laus. (Erasmus's Praise of Folly.) Printed at Basle in 1515, and decorated with the original drawings of Hans Holbein the Younger. Facsimile reproduction. Basle: H. Oppermann. 1931. 160 mks.

LATE in the summer of 1509, Desiderius Erasmus, scholar, reformer, priest, went to England on his third visit. At the house of Sir Thomas Moore, while he waited for the tardy arrival of his books, he wrote the first draft of the "Praise of Folly," called by him "Encomium Moriæ" and by his friends known as the "Moria."

The "Moria" is a witty satire in which "kings and princes, bishops and popes alike are shown to be in bondage to Folly, and no class of men is spared." Erasmus, secure in the freedom from persecution which he singularly enjoyed throughout his life, jibes at the great and the rich: the first part deals with the Divine Quality of Folly, the second with Examples from Life and Literature. The book became a popular favorite and has been reprinted and translated frequently.

The first edition was printed by Gilles Gourmont in Paris: it is undated, but the dedication bears date of June 9, 1511. The book was reprinted in August of 1511, and, at Strassburg in 1512. Forty-three editions appeared before 1536, when its author died. In 1515 Erasmus issued the first reprint under his own supervision, at the press of John Froben at Basle. This visit to Basle began in 1514, when Erasmus became associated with the great Basle printer as editor and proof reader, and Froben printed many of Erasmus's books, ending in 1540 with the nine volume works.

Now of this 1511 edition of the "Praise of Folly," printed by Froben of Basle, a copy came into the possession of a schoolmaster of Basle, one Oswald Myconius (or Molitor), and this copy reposes in the city where it was printed, having been secured in the seventeenth century as part of the Amerbach collection. Its importance is due solely to the fact that on the margins of the pages there are eighty-two pen and ink drawings to illustrate the text, credited to Hans Holbein the Younger.

Holbein came to Basle in 1514 or 1515, a city known throughout Europe as "a center of learning, a home of freedom, and as a lover of gaiety and the arts." In such an environment Holbein found congenial employ, and for Froben, Petri, Cratander, Wolff, and other printers he designed borders, initials, and pictures which were cut on wood and metal. He also is credited with three painted portraits of the great humanist. It is, therefore, quite understandable that he should have made these illustrations for the "Moria," though why he did is not known. They remained as original drawings only until 1676 when they were indifferently reproduced by Charles Patin in *ΜωριαςΕγκωμιον* and there have been later reproductions.

We now have an exact facsimile in photo-lithography (collotype) of the little book with its marginal illustrations, together with a careful study and account of the designs. The first volume contains the facsimile reproduction of the "Moria" in which the pictures occur: a typical specimen of Froben's work, with the text set in a large roman letter, surrounded by the excursus in smaller type. There are many manuscript notes by the original owner, Myconius, and the marginal designs. These are eighty-two in number, of which seventy-seven or seventy-eight are credited to Hans Holbein the Younger.

Without the original book for comparison, it is of course impossible to say how faithful has been the reproduction, but what internal evidence there is, as well as the recognized skill of European collotype artists (in this case the house of Orell Füssli of Zurich), would warrant the supposition that the work has been done with scrupulous care and fidelity.

The second volume contains the editorial treatment of this edition, written by H. A. Schmid and translated by Helen A. Tanzer. It is divided into chapters on Erasmus and More, Myconius, the Text, the Authorship of the Drawings, and various other pertinent matters, as well as a Bibliography and an Index. It is an admirable treatise on the Holbein illustrations, and is itself well equipped with miscellaneous illustrations and details of drawings. If its dates and minor statements do not always agree with other writers—as, for instance, in the matter of the editions published during Erasmus's lifetime—such disagreements are the very stuff of which scholarly treatises are made. The present writer is not, it need hardly be said, an authority on either Erasmus or Holbein: but that this work is of much value as a fairly complete study of a rather important book is apparent even to the unscholarly. The major point at issue apparently is the authenticity of the ascription of the drawings to Hans Holbein the Younger. The question was first raised by Jacob Clauser in 1578, and has been kept alive by Preserved Smith in his "Erasmus, a Study . . .," issued in 1923. To the editor of the present volume it appears that Clauser's doubts were largely unjustified: at least seventy-seven of them Schmid definitely attributes to Holbein, and he buttresses his argument by what would appear to be intelligent reasoning.

As the first authentic reproduction of a series of exquisite drawings by Holbein, as well as a detailed study in art criticism and bibliography, the book is of much value and importance. R.

PORTSMOUTH PLAZA, the Cradle of San Francisco. San Francisco: Printed by John Henry Nash. 1932.

WHEN is a book not a book? That is the conundrum which suggests itself on opening this book. Good text—for Mrs. Phillips has chosen an attractive subject, the city square in San Francisco known as Portsmouth Plaza, and in telling its story she has epitomized the passion and the turbulence, natural and human, of California. Good pictures—excellent redrawings of California scenes and pioneers illustrate the book. A good story—familiar, but always colorful, exciting, dramatic.

But the answer to the conundrum is that the book is not a book when you cannot see the text for the technique. The type (a good variety of Elzevir) is too large for the page, the decorative borders are pretty bad, and the book is awkward to hold and read (and it *is* a readable story). The composition and presswork are in Mr. Nash's careful and thorough workmanship. The impression on the reviewer is that there is too much typography to the page. R.

HOFER SALE

PHILIP HOFER, Esq., of New York City, offers for sale a large and interesting selection from his library, at auction on the evening of January 12th, at the Ritter-Hopson Galleries, 45 West 57th Street. Many rare volumes in modern printing are included.

One of the outstanding features is a group of eighteen Ashendene Press books, including the Ecclesiastes (27 copies printed, not for sale), the Rubaiyat (50 copies, not for sale), and numerous presentation and vellum copies, mostly in original bindings.

A Kelmscott Chaucer, Rogers's Centaur and Dry Cow Fishing, many Limited Editions Club publications, a full set of the *Colophon*, other Rogers, Random House, Shakespeare Head, Kelmscott, and Doves Press books are included. Seven volumes of Baskerville's "quarto classics" are offered, bound by Edwards of Halifax. Numerous firsts of English literature are included, as well as books with colored plates. Notable in this latter group is Ackerman's History of Oxford, including the supplementary plates.

It is a noteworthy collection, and the sale will be of much interest to collectors. R.

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Trade Winds

By ALFRED VAN AMEYDEN VAN DUYM

[Mr. Van Duym who substitutes this week for P. E. G. Quercus, is in charge of window displays in the Doubleday, Doran Bookshops.]

WHO is the bookclerk? Who is this person who stands between you and the book you intend to purchase? After you have finished your volume, either disappointed or transported to that stage of exhilaration and dream which a good book produces, have you ever stopped to consider the clerk who sold it? You entered this bookshop either with a definite intention to purchase a certain book, or you wandered around letting your fancy roam and eventually you came in contact with the sales person. In most instances the transaction was smooth and left no impression beyond the getting of correct change and superficial courtesies. Because that is mostly the manner in which books are sold nowadays. Occasionally you may meet a clerk, who either through uncalled-for insistence or intelligent help leaves you with the definite impression that you don't want or do want to come back to this bookshop. In what then does the bookclerk differ from other shopclerks and in what respect can a bookclerk become valuable to you?

To answer this question effectively I'll have to go over fifteen years of my own experience and the conclusions I have drawn personally from a close association with the world of books. To give a rough estimate I have to symbolize the periods by outstanding bookclerk types. Thus I find that during my time the book-selling business has passed through several phases.

When I first entered the business, the composite or representative bookclerk was a gentleman of middle age with a rather conservative outlook on life, of leisurely habits, and exceedingly elusive during the Christmas rush. Steeped in the knowledge of books, with a literary background, persuasive without being ingratiating, informative without being didactic, reliable without being servile. He was a sort of encyclopedia of bookish information. He could almost rely as much upon his own memory as upon the UNITED STATES CATALOGUE. You were rather reminded of him than the bookshop he worked for. He symbolized personal service and that had none of the awful connotations that expression has today. Personal service then bore the same relation to personal service now which longhand bears to typewriting. His identity was ever so lightly on every book you purchased from him. His persuasion was gentle.

During the second phase the dominating type was a rather effete young man, fairly well informed, whose tastes were perhaps a bit outré and who heartily despised the clientèle which showed a preference for Harold Bell Wright, Ethel M. Dell, Oliver Curwood, in other words the virile, morally black and white school of literature. He tried to impose his taste upon the well meaning and embarrassed customer who preferred "nature in the raw" and had a hearty and after all very permissible dislike for the mild and sophisticated. The clerk however occasionally condescended to sell customers the books they really wanted. As this was during the boom years, books sold anyway with or without recommendation.

He in turn was replaced by the none too bright young lady, whose looks somewhat made up for her lack of gray matter. Her knowledge of books was and is slim but occasionally a bookbuyer, whose sense of pulchritude was rather skin deep, was inveigled into purchasing a volume by a winning smile on the part of the clerk. Of course all three types are still represented, but one specific type dominated each period.

Now what is the situation today? For the last three years, urged on by the ever increasing clouds of depression and insolvency, we have been led to believe that books could be merchandized very much the same way as other merchandize. Spend lots of money on advertising, mainly in the metropolitan areas ballyhoo your books, "SAVE ON THE SALES PERSONNEL, cut down the price, undersell your neighbor and books will move of their own momentum. In some cases this worked. Where large crowds gathered and the overhead was shared by other branches of an enormous organization, it succeeded. Whether you buy a book, a shirt or what not, the clerk smiles, acquiesces, non-committally recommends and a mediocre job is well done.

That last stronghold of individualism, the PERSONAL BOOKSHOP, was dwindling like snow before the sun of superior merchandizing methods. Within a few years it would have been a hard job to differentiate a drug store from a book store. And many publishers thought it was a fine idea. Just think of it, a market for their books comparable to the mail-order business without the bother and expense of mailing material. The stuff they were stuck with—and incidentally the book shops also—found a ready market in the drug and cigar stores. . . . But gradually our "economy before value" type of bookhunter found out (by being stung a few times) perhaps those books were not even cheap at the lowest prices. The novelty also wore off. The bargain hunters began to realize that a good buy is a good buy whether it be a dime or ten dollars and that a bad buy is a wrong investment no matter how small the price.

What in the meantime had happened to the bookclerk? Just as books made their appearance in drug stores, so a type of clerk—somewhat similar to the drug clerk became a familiar figure in the book shop. Salaries dwindled and with them the old type of bookseller. However, like everything else, at the moment the bookshop has begun to hope again. Cigar and drug shops are carrying books in ever diminishing quantities, they do not pay for the space they occupy. Publishers are again turning to book shops as the main outlet for their books. ULTIMATELY PUBLISHERS HAVE TO PUT THEIR FAITH IN BOOKCLERKS. With more serious books, better books, more carefully selected lists, books have to be sold with the right kind of recommendation. Confidence must be reestablished. Confidence in the kind of service offered, so, BOOKS WHERE ARE YOUR BOOKSELLERS?

What is the answer? Have you ever met the sort of bookclerk who would recommend you a book which was not of recent date and for no better reason than that he felt a personal enthusiasm for it? You might not agree with him, but his enthusiasm might kindle the flame of your own preferences and from your talk with him new vistas are opened and that great comradeship created which bases itself on book-kinship. Whether it be "Maurice Guest," or "South Wind," "Of Human Bondage," the "Crock of Gold," "Some People," "The Enormous Room," or "The Confessions of Zeno," "The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," the "Woo-ings of Jezebel Pettifer," "The Memoirs of a Midget" or Jean Christophe, in such books we find our very lives bound up with an almost fanatical attachment. That is the glamour of selling books. It is a pageant of human feelings and emotions, a kaleidoscope of tastes, opinions, enthusiasm of the reading public. And every hue and cry find response in us, because all tastes have their demands.

All this might be very much in contradiction to modern sales methods. It has become axiomatic with a vast number of booksellers, that they cannot create a demand for a book. Naturally they are carried along on the crest of the wave of advertising and publicity. But every once in a great while it might be worth the bookclerks' time to seek out those books which, in spite of their merit, fail to attract attention, because they are drowned in a sea of mediocrity. It is only natural for bookclerks to have their pet books and these books mostly make plus sales. That sort of thing may well increase the respect of a customer for a bookclerk and encourage him to return to this shop. The adventure of booksalesmanship, fostered by the discovery of a really fine book, has become too rare. The pride of the bookclerk in his profession has diminished. Tools in the hands of merchandizing schemes, they have lost interest and the quality of their work is not even on a par with a good grocery clerk. There is no such thing any longer as easy money. At least not in the bookselling world. Therefore, without having to foist unwanted books upon a customer and thereby arousing his just suspicion, we still may awake his interest by grasping his book problems. Only experience can teach good bookselling. Courses in literature and psychology of salesmanship may eventually prove to be of some help, but it is only genuine enthusiasm,—restrained when the occasion or a cranky customer requires it,—which will make a customer come back to a given shop,—besides of course the conveniences of location and helpful service.

Nothing short of an almost encyclopedic knowledge is expected of some book clerks, and this we cannot expect, but a united effort on the part of publishers and bookshop owners will at least guarantee intelligent service. If the public on their side will show their appreciation of genuine bookshops, these will remain as beacons of individualism in the gathering fog of uniformity, during the gray despair of a machine-made civilization.

In the past the selling of books carried with it the dignity of a profession. The hidden qualities of a book, so different from any other article of merchandise, called for confidence in the salesman on the part of the book buyer. We are now in the process of restoring this confidence. We feel again the need for real bookstores and not for book counters in those emporiums which sell books as a sideline.

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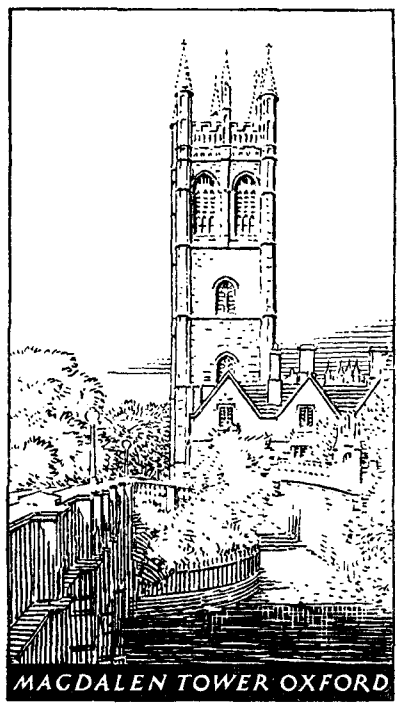
MAGDALEN TOWER OXFORD

"Towery city and branchy between towers;
Cuckoo-echoing, bell-swarmèd, lark-charmèd, rook-racked, river-rounded—" [1]

Who does not love Oxford? The Oxonian is naturally unable to take an impartial view; and there may be a few hard Cambridge hearts, unknown to him, who can look with indifference on that "beautiful city, so venerable, so lovely" of Matthew Arnold's famous passage.[2] At any rate the number of people interested in Oxford far exceeds the number of people who know anything about it beyond a few vague general impressions.

As an undergraduate we were once approached in an Oxford restaurant by a tourist who asked us to tell him (1) where he should go in order to see everything worthwhile in Oxford in one afternoon, and (2) what Oxford stood for, in one sentence.

Number two floored us completely; and as for number one, we are bound to confess we were tempted to reply in terms more forcible than polite. We now realize, however, that the poor man was merely unfortunate in that the new *Handbook to the University of Oxford* did not at that time exist. It has left out little that is important about Oxford.

Part I is descriptive, and consists of a series of chapters on the University and all its activities, learned, athletic, and social. Part II is a detailed guide to the rules and regulations of the University, and to the special regulations of all the different Colleges.

The more general chapters include an admirable Short History of the University, an interesting detailed chapter on Architecture at Oxford, and chapters on the Rhodes Scholarships, by Sir Francis Wylie, the former Rhodes Secretary, and on College Life, by his successor, Mr. C. K. Allen.

The twenty-four illustrations are unusually fine, and include both photographs and old prints. There are also plans of the Laboratories and College Sports Grounds; and one end paper is a map of the City of Oxford and the other a map of the surrounding country, which will appeal to all lovers of "The Scholar Gypsy" and "Thyrsis."[3]

Speaking of "Thyrsis" we have read an advance copy of the new *Letters of Matthew Arnold to Arthur Hugh Clough*, edited by Howard Foster Lowry,[4] which the Oxford University Press[5] is publishing in a week or two. They throw an important new light on their writer and on the life of Victorian Oxford.

Oxford life of a slightly later period is entertainingly illuminated by the *Verses Written for Mrs. Daniel* by the late Robert Bridges,[6] published for the first time in a limited edition with a collotype facsimile. And speaking of facsimiles, one of our favorites in the charming *Type Facsimile Reprints* of the Oxford Press is *Thomas Warton's Verses on Sir Joshua Reynolds's Painted Window at New College, Oxford, 1782.*[7]

THE OXONIAN.

OUR BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH: *Handbook to the University of Oxford.* $1.50.

(1) "Duns Scotus's Oxford." From *Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins.* $3.00. (2) Preface to *Essays in Criticism.* In the *Oxford Standard Authors.* $1.50. (3) *Poems of Matthew Arnold.* In the same series. $1.50. (4) $2.50. (5) 114 Fifth Avenue. (6) $7.00. (7) $2.00.

The PHŒNIX NEST

WELL, an author has been discovered — actually!—who doesn't like to bother his publishers, drink tea, or what-have-you at literary gatherings, sign books in bookstores, or talk over the radio on nation-wide hook-ups. He is, say Harcourt, Brace, *James Gould Cozzens,* whose new novel, "The Last Adam," they have just published. He is not yet thirty years old, and "The Last Adam" is not only his fifth novel but the second of his novels to be sent out by the Book-of-the-Month Club. . . .

Remembering that we liked *Maude Meagher's* "Fantastic Traveler," *Dale Warren* of Houghton Mifflin sends us an advance note on that same author's new book, "The Green Scamander." It will be published in the Spring, and it sounds as though we'd delight in it. It is all about Penthesilea, the cold, austere Queen of the Amazons, her fighting for Priam against the Greeks, her meeting with Helen of Troy and the contrast between them, etc., etc. Except, of course, that the Pictures would probably ruin it, it sounds as though it would make a splendid film if handled by an intelligent director. Of which how many are there? . . .

Two more posthumous volumes of *D. H. Lawrence* are to be presented to his large group of followers this Spring. In 1932 were published "Apocalypse." "Etruscan Places," and "The Letters of D. H. Lawrence," edited by Aldous Huxley. In 1933 the Viking Press, who published the three latter works, will issue "The Lovely Lady," a volume of short stories which represents his last fiction, and includes some of the finest things he ever wrote. They will also bring out "Last Poems," with an introduction by *Richard Aldington.* The 173 poems in this volume are being printed from two manuscripts found among Lawrence's papers after his death and include the whole of Lawrence's known posthumous poetry. "The Lovely Lady" will be out on February 6th and "Last Poems" on March 20th. . . .

A good deal of fun has been poked at *A. A. Milne* by the clever cliques of the town; but we notice that his recent modest entrance and exit from this country almost succeeded in escaping any publicity at all. He is evidently a writer who really works at his trade and can keep his own counsel. . . .

With a salaam to our confrère of "The Bowling Green," *Arthur W. Bell* of Beacon Street, Boston, sends us the following neat verse:

ATTEMPTED TRANSLATION FROM THE CHINESE.

The Old Mandarin, ever entertained
By the kaleidoscope of international relations,
Depositing his folded news sheet
Within the folds of his ample sleeve,
Turned to his friend, Morley, with the remark;
"It seems that we must alter
That classic utterance to read;
Lafayette, come across."

A clerk in a Chicago bookshop who has ferreted out the right titles in answer to a number of strange requests, had to admit that he was puzzled the other day when an elderly lady entered and asked for a book about a shirt tail. It developed after much questioning and cross-examination that what she wanted was *Vincent Starrett's* new mystery story, "The End of Mr. Garment," recently published by the Crime Club. . . .

Some time ago we greatly enjoyed a short essay by *G. K. Chesterton* in *The New York American.* It was called "Talking about Elephants." We used to have a sign up in our office, "When in Doubt Ride Elephants," but the paste has dried up and it has fallen off the wall, alas! Chesterton ends his essay in this beguiling manner:

> I have a friendly understanding with the Hindoos who say that the earth stands on an elephant and the elephant on a tortoise.
>
> In my capacity of venerable and white-bearded Brahmin I rebuke the skeptical curiosity of boys who say, "What does the tortoise stand on?"
>
> I answer sternly, "He stands on his dignity, and declines to answer impertinent questions."

Evelyn Scott, the novelist, sends us from England the forecast of a new periodical to be called *New Verse,* "the only periodical in England given to the more serious aspects of contemporary poetry." The first number will contain an article by *I. A. Richards* on "D. H. Lawrence's Last Poems," and one by *Herbert Read* on the "Poetry and Beliefs in *Gerard Manley Hopkins.*" Richards is now all the rage as a poetry critic—though we think his mind essentially prosaic—and Hopkins is all the rage as a rediscovery, though his poetry is being excessively overpraised. And it is funny how the young intelligentsia all run in the very same direction and after the very same will-o'-the-wisps! They have about as little individuality as a box of sardines. . . .

The coining of which brilliant simile reminds us that *Frank J. Wilstach* has sent us his "Best Similes of the Year." You can doubtless procure them from him by writing him to 320 Manhattan Avenue. There is much amusement in the mimeographed script. For instance, we are glad—though we think her quite cranky and often wrong—to hear *Gertrude Atherton* say that *George Moore's* long colorless face "looked like a codfish that had been crossed by a satyr." One of the many japeries attributed to *Anon* is "Embarrassed as a Californian shoveling snow off his sidewalk." "Old-fashioned as a blush" is another of *Anon's* peppy remarks. *Arthur ("Bugs") Baer* gets credit for a lot. One of his best is "Stocks are bouncing like a sailor on horseback." *Ted Cook,* of "Cuckoo" fame, also gets rid of a good many. "Happy," he announces, "as a circulating library with a newly banned novel!" *Page Mr. Sumner! Hi Phillips* the columnist has a page of similes to himself, of which "Conspicuous as a railroad paying its dividend" is a good sample. But when *Sax Rohmer,* the old Fu Manchu, gargles, "Gleaming teeth . . . like combers on a moonlit sea," we give up. . . .

Helen Pairtch, director, wishes us to call your attention to the fact that the Drama League Travel Bureau, a non-commercial organization, has at its disposal scholarships covering full tuition for the six weeks summer session at the Central School of Speech and Drama in London. These scholarships are primarily intended for students interested in literary and drama study, but are also given for the more important purpose of promoting international understanding. Miss Pairtch writes, "We are very eager that the donors of these scholarships shall not be disappointed in the response to the unusual opportunity offered American students. We welcome all letters of inquiry concerning the granting of the scholarships. Application blanks may be obtained by addressing the Drama League Travel Bureau, Hotel Barbizon-Plaza, New York City."

And just to make us jealous, *Bob Rimington* of the John Day Company sends us from London, where he is now, presumably, beating the copses for authors, the advertisement of "El Vino Co., Ltd., established over forty-five years, "Wine Merchants and Shippers, Piccadilly Place, W.1, Opposite St. James Church," etc. Port, Sherry, French Sauternes! Very choice Old Olorosa, Vino Fino de Pasto, Amontillado! For ten-shillings-six you can get a hamper for a picnic or day on the river, holding 1 bott. Selected Port, 1 bott. French Sauternes, 1 Quarter bot. Champagne, Vintage 1921! . . .

Charlotte Perkins Gilman recently recited the following lines apropos of modernism, and *Alexander Black* sends them:

THE FRONT WAVE
By Charlotte Perkins Gilman

The little front wave ran up on the sand
And frothed there, highly elated;
"I am the Tide!" said the little front wave,
"The waves before me are dated."

Gordon Armstrong of Warren, Ohio,—and ah, the fine bould handwirting av' 'm!"—sends us this:

> . . . as *Ed "Wind"* would say.
>
> When I was a boy we were occasionally laid low and the range of our expeditions somewhat cramped by an ailment in our unmentionable innards, which was known as "summer complaint."
>
> On page 2252 of the *Publishers Weekly* for December 17th is the head, "Bookseller, Held on *Sumner* Complaint, Freed by Court." Is this a misprint? . . . or are the two synonymous? I don't know . . . I merely ask.

THE PHŒNICIAN.

The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from page* 370)

where all the inhabitants are trees—the best and cleverest of them being distinguished by the greatest number of branches. They are endowed with speech and they are of the usual two sexes. This he discovers to his cost, for at his entry into this pleasant land, he is pursued by a furious bull, takes refuge in the branches of what unfortunately proves to be the wife of the sheriff of a neighboring city, and is shut up in consequence in a local Bridewell. It is assumed that Klim himself, clothes and all, is a species of ape—Pikel Emi, he is called, i.e., the outlandish baboon.

Mr. De la Mare continues for several pages to tell the tale of Klim's adventures. Surely this must be the book which R. H. D., of the University of Oregon, had *in mind.*

P. A., Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H., thinks the tree book may be "Dodona's Grove, or, the vocall forest." By I. H., Esquire (James Howell), 1594 (?)-1666. London: H. Mosley. 1640. A description follows from a short unpublished article describing a particular copy of the first edition in the Dartmouth Library:

". . . It is an allegory 'reflecting upon the greatest actions of Christendom since the year one thousand sex hundreth and thrie . . . to 1640.' The important persons of the time are represented by trees, with the king of England as the 'Royall Oak' overtowering the 'forrest.' A key to the identity of the individuals represented in the book has been inserted in the volume in a manuscript form, though in a later edition the key was printed as part of the text."

S. S. Wateree continues to be reported from all over the map. Not even on the top of a tropical mountain may steamships hope to elude the lynx-eyed attention of this department. "It gives me pleasure," says Jos. S. Wade, Corresponding Secretary of the Biological Society of Washington, D. C., "to inform Mrs. Becker that a full account of this ship was published in the *Youth's Companion,* vol. 64, no. 25, under date of June 18, 1891. The article was entitled 'Overland on a Man of War' and was written by Rear-Admiral J. H. Gillis, U. S. N., and contained one illustration entitled 'The *Wateree* Ashore.' In this article the author states that in the spring of 1867 he was ordered to Panama to take command of the U. S. Steamship *Wateree.* In 1868 he was sent to Callas from which he went to Arica (when in Peru later in Chili at foot of Lluta Valley). The author gave a detailed account of a great earthquake and tidal wave on August 13, during which Arica, population 10,000, was destroyed and great tidal waves swept the steamship Wateree a half mile ashore. Detailed account is given of the wreckage of other ships, loss of life and property, and the admiral's final departure from the stranded ship on the 24th of the month, leaving two officers in it to prevent vandalism. If your correspondent, as I assume, is seeking traces of lost relatives who perished in this disaster, I earnestly trust this information may be of helpfulness to her."

Oliver S. H. Hawee, Fall River, Mass., writes: If the *Wateree* inquirer cares to pursue the subject further than your interesting replies have landed him, he can find full text and several graphic pictures of the results of that terrible earthquake and tidal wave in the volume of *Harper's Weekly* for 1868. Especially convincing is the issue for the week of October 10, with a half-page drawing of the *Wateree* as she stands in the public square of Arica, Peru, after the wave had receded, "upright as though in a dry dock," as Commodore Gillis's testimony reads. Also he may be interested in the issue for the week of January 11, 1868, with its picture and story of a similar flying jump which *U. S. S. Monongahela* took into the town of St. Croix, W. I., at about the same time." And *W. W. Ellsworth* takes up the matter from another angle: "When you have occasion to speak of the predecessor of *The Century,*" he says, "call it *Scribner's Monthly.* Its whole name was Scribner's *Monthly Illustrated Magazine,* but it was always called *Scribner's Monthly.* When, five years after the name was changed to *The Century,* in November, 1881, Chas. Scribner's Sons brought out their magazine, they called it *Scribner's Magazine.* There aren't many people left in the world who were actors in these various changes, but this one is still on deck." Yes, and what's more, still lecturing all over the country, keeping young audiences on the jump.

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